

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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A BREACH OF HOSPITALITY



DRAWINGS BY HAROLD BICHEL

By
C. A. Stephens

IT was something that we ought to have been ashamed of, I suppose. There were indeed certain extenuating circumstances, but—well, when all is said it wasn't a nice thing to do. So much as that I wish to acknowledge at the start.

It was the second year after we young folks had gone home to live, the winter the old squire was engaged in making and marketing red oak shooks to send to Cuba for molasses hogsheads. He himself had four or five men riving and forming the shooks, and he was also buying shooks that others were making. In February he went to Portland for ten days to oversee the shipments by schooner to Matanzas. Grandmother Ruth went with him for a little rest from household labors; and they took Halstead, who went most unwillingly to have his tonsils removed by a Portland doctor. The boy had been having sore throat frequently for a year or more. Theodora, Addison, Ellen and I were left to keep house and to attend to the farm chores.

The winter school had closed the week before; we had made fine plans, which included three evening gatherings to which the neighboring young folks were to be invited, a sleigh ride to an adjoining town and a snowshoe trip up to old Hughy Glind's camp in the great woods. The "grandfolks" had set off at six o'clock in the morning, for the journey required twelve hours, and no sooner were they off than we began preparations for a festive evening.

At ten o'clock Ellen sallied forth to invite in our young friends, but at the door to the piazza she turned hastily back with a concerned look. "There's somebody coming up the lane," she said. "It's an ox team and the queerest sled you ever saw! O dear! What can it be?" For the prospect of visitors of any sort just then was most unwelcome.

It was indeed a singular turnout. A yoke of sluggish old sparked oxen were plodding slowly up the lane between the snowdrifts, drawing a wood sled and on it a little, low windowless hut from the flat roof of which projected a smoking stovepipe. In the open front end of the hut, with a goad in his hand, sat an old man with a bushy gray beard; and as the oxen plodded nearer we caught sight of an old woman's face in a green, quilted hood peeping out from the hut.

"Now for mercy's sake, who can that be?" Theodora breathed in an amazed whisper.

None of us had the slightest idea. The strange outfit came creaking

alongside the door, and the old man shouted, "Whoa-hish!" to the oxen and then stared at us for some moments through his horn-rimmed spectacles. The old woman put out her head and stared also. A large black-and-white dog that had been following the sled hut now came forward and sat down on the snow. "Be Joseph and Ruth ter home?" the old man asked at last.

Addison made haste to say that our grandparents were at Portland.

"When be they acomin' back?" asked the old woman.

"Not for a week or more," Addison replied.

The old man sat and chewed steadily; then he looked at the old woman. "What say, marm, had we better stay, or drive on to Cousin Calista's in Waterford?"

"Wal, sir, I should say as how we'd better stop a spell now we've come so fur to see 'em!" the old woman replied in a determined tone. Whereupon she clambered slowly out of the sled hut and, reaching back inside, drew forward a good-sized box with leather

hinges and holes bored in the lid. Advancing to the side of the piazza, she set the box down and threw back the lid, and out stepped a big yellow-and-white cat; while the dog looked on it stalked to a piazza post and sharpened its claws and stretched. The old woman put the box carefully back into the sled hut and then mounted the piazza steps.

Perceiving that her purpose was to enter the house, Theodora and Ellen backed indoors, and Addison and I followed the team to the barn, in the direction of which the old man was now driving it. We opened the great doors, and he drove in.

"Wal, now," he said, "I want you boys to unyoke them oxen o' mine and tie 'em up in the barn and give 'em a good fodderin' o' hay, and bimeby arter they've hed water if ye've got some corn meal fer 'em it won't hurt 'em a mite."

"All right, sir," Addison replied. "We'll see to it."

The old man looked round the barn while we cared for the oxen and then from the

interior of the sled hut drew forth a crate containing four hens and a rooster, which he asked us to feed with shelled corn. "Now," he charged us, "I want ye to set that 'ere crate up somewhere so that weasels won't get at it."

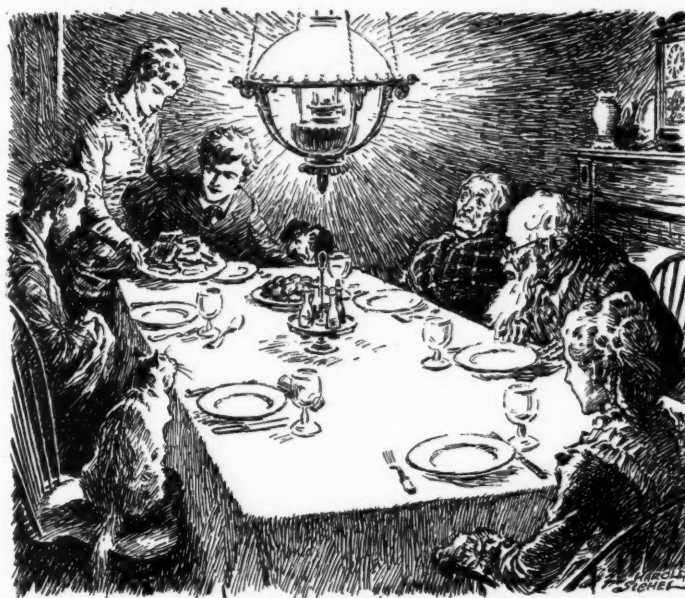
We carried the crate to the granary, which was a rat-proof room, and, satisfied now of the safety and welfare of his live stock, our old visitor went to the house.

Some minutes later as Addison and I were going into the kitchen we met Theodora and Ellen coming out to find us; their faces suggested distress and consternation. "O dear! I do believe it is old Elnathan Holeb and his wife!" were Theodora's first words.

We had once or twice heard of the Holebs, an old-fashioned couple and some distant connection of our folks, who usually spent the winter visiting their relatives. They lived up Skowhegan way, where they had a little farm, which they tilled in summer; but as the weather grew cold and snow came they were wont to shut up their house, take their dog, cat and hens and start out with the sled hut on a grand tour of visiting all their relatives from brother and sister down to the remotest sixteenth cousin—visit them and remain anywhere from three days to three weeks at a place. "We git through the winters, and it don't cost us a cent except fer tobarker," old Elnathan used to boast.

It is a fact that in early days, a century ago, many Maine people were accustomed to visit a great deal, especially in cold weather. There was more leisure then, for that was before lumbering and other winter occupations had begun to engross the attention of so many people. Old "Uncle Elnathan" and his wife Salome were survivors—rather brazen ones—of earlier times, and it is doing them no injustice to say that they and their outfit had come to be the dread of every family in that part of the state that was unfortunate enough to be related to them by ties of blood. Yet such was the usual hospitality of our people that the old couple never were actually turned away. The last time they had visited at the old squire's, the winter before we young folks went home to live, they had stayed twelve days—a circumstance that pretty nearly touched the limit of Grandmother Ruth's forbearance; for they were far from being an interesting pair, and, what was worse, they both smoked atrocious old pipes and filled the house morning, noon and evening with the rankest of tobacco smoke. That habit alone nearly drove grandmother wild at times!

Our visitors . . . viewed the repast with evident disapproval



"Yes, that's just who it is!" Theodora continued. "And, oh, what can we do?"

Ellen was nearly in tears. "Our good time will be spoiled," she lamented. "They'll stay and stay, and we cannot go anywhere or invite anyone here with them round!"

We went to the kitchen; thus far no fire had been kindled in the sitting room. Our visitors had made themselves comfortable at the kitchen stove, the old man on one side of it and his wife on the other. They had lighted their pipes, and the room was already smoky. The big yellow tomcat sat composedly between them, and near the outer door lay the large black-and-white dog. The Holebs were in full possession.

The girls made shift to approach the stove and prepare the midday meal as best they could. When it was on the table and Theodora had announced it our visitors put up their pipes and, taking their places without a word, began to eat heartily. The large tomcat came and rubbed himself against our legs, and the great dog drew near and looked upon the table with much interest.

"Ezra likes milk," the old woman at last said oracularly and stroked the cat's head.

Ellen took the hint and, going to the tin closet, fetched a basin and fed him.

"Bill likes meat," old Elnathan remarked.

Whereupon Addison called the dog to the woodhouse and gave him some cold pork. Otherwise the meal passed without incident or conversation.

It was my turn that day to pump water for the stock at the barn, a somewhat lengthy and toilsome task; I was occupied with it for an hour or so. Meanwhile, as appeared afterwards, Addison and the girls took counsel together out in the woodhouse again and decided on a desperate expedient to get rid of the old couple.

When we gathered for our evening meal that night I was not a little astonished at the poverty-stricken aspect of the supper table. Everything in the way of food on it consisted of an unsightly tin pan containing very small boiled potatoes in their skins and a platterful of badly scorched corn cake. Of butter there was no sign, though there was a saltcellar near the potatoes. I suppose I stared in amazement, for the table at the old squire's had always been abundantly served; but Addison pressed my foot with his, and then I understood. I glanced across at Ellen and Theodora, who were sitting with tight-shut lips.

Our visitors took their places and viewed the repast with evident disapproval. Ellen passed the corn cake and then the potatoes. We four young folks made a great show of eating, and the meal proceeded in silence.

"Didn't your folks raise good crops this year?" old Elnathan finally asked.

"Our crops were not what they sometimes have been," replied Addison guardedly and passed the little potatoes.

"Aunt Salome" sniffed and tossed her head. Ezra came round, purring loudly, but Ellen failed to notice him. Bill also drew near to look on and at last barked once as a reminder, and Addison rose and carried three little cold potatoes out to the woodhouse for him. To the best of my recollection not another word was said at table or until Theodora showed our visitors to their sleeping room. When they retired we consulted in the kitchen.

"How long do you think they will stand it?" Ellen asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid they will stand it longer than we can," Addison said, laughing.

"But can't we have something to eat now they've gone to bed?" I asked callously.

"Oh, but that would be too bad!" Theodora said. "We ought to play the game fair with them." And Addison, still laughing, seemed to think so too.

Next morning the girls prepared in a frying pan what was left of the potatoes and warmed over the scorched corn cake. They also made coffee, but it was so weak that you might have seen the bottom of a big pitcher full of it. There were four looks at table, but neither of our guests said much. Ezra, after much purring, hopped boldly up beside the girls, but Ellen boxed his ears. Bill barked till Addison gave him three more little cold potatoes.

For our noontide meal the girls boiled the backbone and tail of a salted codfish and made more burnt corn cake. When we sat down to it Aunt Salome suddenly pushed back her chair and marched with a determined air to the pantry to investigate for herself; but we had provided against that danger the night before by carrying everything edible to a cupboard upstairs.

That evening there was another painful

of little boiled potatoes with salt and more shockingly scorched corn cake. Addison and I partook ravenously—or pretended to. I should have been famished except for the apples that I got between meals from the cellar. The girls, I noticed, looked wan but firm. Aunt Salome did not scruple to free her mind to them. "I used ter think once that Joseph and Ruth sot a good table!" she exclaimed. "But that time 'pears to be gone by. Hain't yer grandmarm never taught ye to cook?"

"We cannot cook very well yet," replied Ellen darkly.

"Hez Joseph ben a-meetin' with revarses lately?" old Elnathan asked.

"Well, of course he has ill fortune at times," Addison replied soberly. "He has a large family now, you know, and we all feel the need of being economical."

"Yas, I see ye do," the old man rejoined.

Before we were up from the table we heard a noise in the pantry, and the girls espied Ezra on the top shelf, devouring what was left of the codfish's tail. In consequence we did not have it for breakfast as had been planned, but the girls boiled more little potatoes and baked a sheetful of "biscuits" fairly yellow with soda and so salt you might have used them to catch colts with. We also had "coffee" again; Ellen had counted out just six kernels for it, one for each person at table!

In the midst of a painful effort to masticate one of the biscuits Uncle Elnathan suddenly stopped short and jumped up from the table. He could stand no more. "Marm," he cried, "I guess you and me better be agoin' over to Cousin Calista's."

"That's what I think, Elnathan, and the sooner the better," she said grimly. "Sech victuals I never saw. 'Tain't fit fer a dog to eat! I never was so dis'p'nted in any place in all my born days!" she flung back as she left the table to get Ezra's box and put on her wraps.

I am afraid that none of us even for courtesy's sake urged them to remain. Addison and I rushed to the barn to yoke their oxen and to put the crate of hens aboard the sled before they changed their minds.

They set off without bidding us good-by, nor did we say, "Come again," and I have to record that there was gleeful capering and dancing all about the kitchen, the sitting room and out through the woodhouse as soon as they were safely down the lane. Then we flung open windows and doors to free the house of that awful tobacco smoke.

The foodstuff from the cupboard upstairs we hurriedly brought back to the pantry. Cereal was soon cooking, and eggs were boiling. Cream, butter and cheese found their way back to the table. Bread, cookies, pies and preserves reappeared from their hiding places. It seemed to me that I had been starving. "Doesn't this taste good?" exclaimed Addison. "But I feel sneaky."

"So do I," Theodora said. "The worst of it is, I'm afraid I don't repent, and you know grandfather says that's the unpardonable sin—to sin and not be sorry for it."

The old squire and Grandmother Ruth returned during the evening of the tenth day; Halstead was with them, minus his tonsils and looking pale. We had expected that that night. The girls had supper ready, and we all sat down together again.

But on passing through the sitting room, grandmother had smelled something suspicious. "Who's been smoking in my sitting room?" she exclaimed.

Now to be frank, we had conspired for good reasons not to speak of the Holebs' visit at all, but grandmother's question took us aback. The girls and I looked to Addison for aid, and he rose to the emergency. "Why, when you first went away," he said casually, "an old couple who said their name was Holeb was here awhile, and they both smoked a good deal."

Grandmother Ruth glanced quickly and oddly at the old squire. "Why, Joseph," she exclaimed, "that must have been Elnathan and Salome!"

"Yes, I guess it was," Addison said still casually. "They had their dog and their cat and hens with them."

"How long did they stay?" grandmother asked, evidently much interested.

"Well, now, let me see," Addison replied as if pondering. "They were here two days and two nights."

"That all!" exclaimed grandmother in astonishment. "I hope you were not impolite to them," she added suspiciously.

"Oh, no," Addison replied. "Not in the least. We were just as polite as could be."

"But how came they to leave so soon?"

"Well, I didn't ask them," Addison replied carelessly. "Perhaps they were disappointed because you and grandfather were not at home. Possibly we didn't set quite so high a table as they were accustomed to."

"I don't see why they needed to complain," said Grandmother Ruth, resenting the implied slight to the family table. As if the subject were not worth pursuing, Addison began asking Halstead about Portland and whether it hurt much to lose a tonsil.

Grandmother said no more, though she was plainly puzzled. The old squire made no comment; his air was one of quiet thankfulness, as if for having escaped a calamity.

As many as seven years elapsed before either of the old people learned the explanation of the mystery. By that time all of us except one had left home and had gone our several ways in life. But as often as we could we came back to the old farm at Thanksgiving, and on a certain Thanksgiving Day when we had all come back except Halstead, and were sitting round the table after dinner, we fell to talking over old times at the farm—the good times, the misadventures and some of the roughish pranks that we had been guilty of. Theodora glanced thoughtfully at the old folks; memory was very busy with her. "How about the Holebs, grandmother?" she asked at last. "Are they still alive and visiting as usual?"

"Oh, yes," grandmother replied. "I hear of them now and then, but for some reason they gave up coming here ever after that short visit they made while we were away at Portland."

Theodora glanced across at Addison. "Shall I?" she whispered.

Addison laughed and nodded. Whereupon Theodora began and with numerous promptings from the rest of us made a clean breast of that sad breach of hospitality on our part seven years before. I was afraid that the old folks would feel hurt, but they listened calmly and with scarcely a word of comment. Possibly they had suspected something of the sort all along.

"I have always felt a little ashamed of that," Theodora continued. "And now that we are all at home here and think of it, what do you say to our making up a barrel or a box of good things to eat and sending it to those Holebs—just to ease my conscience a little?" she added, laughing.

"Well, I hardly think I should," Grandmother Ruth said at last placidly. "It will be quite as well to let bygones be bygones."

"Don't you think it would be well received?" Theodora asked.

"Oh, I dare say," grandmother replied. "No doubt they would like it. They might feel so grateful that they would come down here to thank us—and stay three weeks!"

WORKING THROUGH AT LINCOLN HIGH

By Joseph Gollomb



Chapter Two Glimpses of celebrities

MODERN in every detail, swarming with affairs, story upon story, up to the sky towers the white beauty of the Clarion Building on lower Broadway. Its green-and-gold peak catches the first glint of light in the morning; its thousands of windows sparkle with sun all day and in the purpling twilight glow with new gold from within.

Steel and white granite are the bone and body of the graceful edifice. Yet nerves of more exquisite sensitiveness thread it than the nerves that thread the human body. For what human nerves can catch, as the wireless antennæ on the Clarion roof catch, the cry from some sinking steamer in mid-Atlantic, the news of premiers' dangerous quarreling in Europe, the first mutterings of insurrection in India, the choice of a carpenter for the premiership in Australia, the arrival in Hawaii of an aeronaut flying round the world, the reports of fighting between a seal-stealing pirate and a Japanese destroyer in Bering Sea? Sounding over a maze of other nerves in the offices of the Clarion, come voices from a hundred places in the great city and from other cities—from Boston and Chicago, from New Orleans and Seattle, from Ottawa and Mexico City; voices sending news—news of politics and of crime, of business and of romance, of science and of sport, of mystery, love, hate, ambition and countless

other threads in the tangled story of life. As if it were some new Arabian Nights' Entertainment, with all the thousand and one tales pouring in at the same time, the Clarion garners the daily story of the world and with its roaring presses tells it to the world for a penny fee.

Something of all that vibrated in Jimmy's nerves the next day when, clad in his pathetic best, he soared up and up in the express elevator of the Clarion Building. "Up to the sky!" he almost whispered.

Above the twentieth story the express became a local and stopped at every floor. Jimmy caught glimpses of stately marble corridors paneled with gilt-lettered doors bearing names of a most bewildering variety of activities—steamship lines, sporting enterprises, chain-store corporations. Stepping in and out of the elevator were brisk men and women, clad in what must be their best, for Jimmy could not imagine finer clothes.

"Clarion editorial!" the elevator man announced laconically, sliding open the portals.

With his heart beating a quicker tune Jimmy stepped out into a large semicircular room where a number of people were waiting. He could hardly believe his eyes. Wasn't that big fellow there the man who had lately tried to swim the English Channel? And that unbelievably beautiful lady—she must be some famous star of the stage or screen. "The dramatic editor is busy," an office boy told her. "Will you leave a message?"

Jimmy gulped. Would Mr. Mitchell find time to see him when such people were sent away unseen?

From one of the inner rooms sauntered a youth of eighteen years or so with the air of a bored minor god. He cast a cold eye at the waiting people and the attendant boys.

"Shake a leg there, Simpson!" he called with displeasure. "You're as slow as they make 'em! Being attended to, Miss Hyacinth?" he asked graciously of the departing stage lady. "All right. 'Cause if these kids ain't givin' you service—None o' them dirty looks, Hank, or you'll hit the trail."

The superior creature—surely he must be an assistant editor—caught sight of Jimmy hugging his cap and waiting respectfully. Coldly he surveyed him from his shiny well-brushed blond hair to his shiny and well-brushed mended shoes. "What d'ye want?" he asked distastefully.

"To see Mr. Mitchell." Jimmy was very respectful. "Please."

"You looking for a job?"

"He—yes—"

"No use. I've got all the copy rats I want."

His back dismissed Jimmy. It was the door closing on a glimpse of heaven. The bottom of Jimmy's heart seemed to fall out. For a moment he felt the same sinking sensation that he felt when the Major had disgraced him before the whole world. The eyes of everyone in the room were on him. Were it not that the elevator door at that instant was a wall of steel, he would have fled. But now—he saw no stairs—there was no way but forward. A kind of desperate courage that he got from his mother filled him. "Mr. Mitchell sent for me, and I know he'll see me!" he cried; though his face was burning, his eyes were fixed on the contemptuous youth.

The youth looked at him as a person looks at an uninteresting insect. For some moments there was a duel of wills. Then the lofty creature turned away. "Boy," he called, "tell Mr. Mitchell there's a kid out here says he wants to see him—a fresh bird who'll get in Dutch if he ain't careful."

The boy disappeared with the message, and the disdainful one, pretending not to see the smiles of those who had watched the little scene, sauntered inside. But Jimmy knew that, if he entered this heavenly place, the young man would be his bad angel. Perhaps even now he would dissuade Mr. Mitchell from seeing him.

The boy who had taken the message was issuing from the inner office. Jimmy stopped breathing. "Mr. Mitchell can't see you now," the boy was saying—almost the words that Jimmy had prepared in his mind. "He's busy down in the composin' room." Jimmy turned away. "But he says you're to wait for him in his office. This way."

Dazed and shaken, Jimmy followed him past the charmed doors. A confused glitter of many things thrilled him, made his body tingle. A great room was dazzling with sunlight. Shirt-sleeved men were clicking away at batteries of typewriters. At a big kidney-shaped table coatless men were jabbing with blue pencils at sheets of typewriting. A well-dressed gentleman with a flower in his lapel who was sitting on a slightly raised platform was scanning reports. There were cries of "copy boy," and scooting boys snatched at sheets of typewriting from the men at the machines and took them to the kidney-shaped table. Men with notes scrawled on paper were hurrying in and out of telephone booths. Mysterious glass-encased machines with invisible fingers were clicking out typewritten tapes. There was the tinkle of many telephone bells, the hiss and explosive breath of pneumatic chutes. In another room a group of men were working at clacking telegraph instruments. Shouts of "Score coming from Cleveland!" "Game called account of rain in Chicago!" "Shoot the New York stuff, Bill!" told Jimmy that he was in the sporting department. His guide motioned him to a chair, and with his eyes bulging and his breath short Jimmy shrank down into it.

A great ball player was chatting with a keen-looking young man in shirt sleeves—Shandon Bull, the famous Yale quarter back of a few years before and now a famous sporting editor. Jimmy saw a picture of him every day in the Clarion at the top of a column entitled Sport Snaps.

A slim man in a checkered suit, silk shirt and bright tie entered briskly and caught sight of Jimmy. His alert look belied his years, though his smooth-shaven face showed many sharp lines, particularly round his deep-set eyes. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed softly. "Charley Lee to the life!"

Jimmy jumped to his feet, blushing. "You're the image of your dad!" Mr. Mitchell grasped Jimmy's hand and his shoulder. "No, your mouth is more stubborn. Jimmy, your dad and I were roving mates for eleven years. Many the time—well, never mind that now. He dropped out when he married, and I never got trace of him till the other day when Dick Hayes found out about you. I sent for you, my boy, thinking you'd like a whack at the newspaper game for a while. Would you?"

"I—I—"

Mr. Mitchell smiled at the tongue-tied boy. "In the blood, eh, son? Your dad all over again. How he loved the game!" Mr. Mitchell was observing the boy's straight, quick limbs, his shining eyes, his clear skin with its come and go of color, his patched but neat clothes, the eager spirit in his every look that made clothes the least significant thing about him.

Jimmy's pulse leaped a bit when Mr. Mitchell suddenly asked, "Who's leading in the National League?"

"The Giants, sir!"

"And who in the American League?"



With a friendly pat he dismissed him

DRAWN BY HANSON BOOTH

"St. Louis is just now," said Jimmy, "but the Yanks are getting ahead fast."

"Right!" Mr. Mitchell chuckled. "Well, my boy, July's a slow month on a paper. But I guess we can squeeze you in here to run copy if you want to do it for a while."

"I do!" Jimmy replied and gulped.

"Will seven dollars a week see you through?"

He was asking Jimmy whether he would accept a fortune a week to live in heaven! Jimmy could only nod. Mr. Mitchell pressed a button.

The cloud on which Jimmy was riding turned leaden as there entered at Mr. Mitchell's summons the young minor god who had tried to send him away. "Burke, this is Jimmy Lee," Mr. Mitchell said. "Jimmy, this is Burke, your captain. Run along and get acquainted."

As Mr. Mitchell turned to his work there was nothing for Jimmy to do except to follow Burke out of the sporting room. Neither spoke until they stopped before a bench on which boys sat in intervals between errands.

"Kids," Burke said to the two boys who were sitting there, "this is Lee—grass-green. Hank, show Lee where Murphy's Lunch Room is." He counted out some small coins. "Lee, go and get me two sandwiches, a ham and a cheese, and see there's a lot o' mustard on 'em. And don't take a year about it, or I'll tell you something! Beat it!"

Jimmy's face turned fiery, and rash words sprang to his lips. It was his father's spirit leaping up to rebel against imposition, an understandable feeling perhaps. But something held him back, his mother's patient wisdom. "Wait until you see how much of this there will be! Don't begin with a clash!"

Burning with humiliation, Jimmy turned to do the errand.

In the elevator Hank tried to console him. "Burke's sore because you got past him!" he said and sniffed. "Don't mind him, that big hunk o' cheese!"

But, though Jimmy promised not to mind Burke, he was afraid that he should rebel and perhaps lose his job. At the thought of that he became cold and frightened and almost became reconciled to the errand, though as he returned he did try to hide the paper bag of sandwiches.

Burke received them without a word of thanks and with offensive care counted the change that Jimmy had brought. "Mitchell wants to see you," was his only comment.

Jimmy, uneasy, hurried into the sporting room.

"Hate to trouble you so soon, Jimmy," Mr. Mitchell said with a smile and handed him an envelope, "but do you think you can find this gentleman right away and give him this? Wait for an answer?"

Jimmy glanced at the address on the envelope. It bore the name of a well-known ball player and the address was, "Players' bench, Polo Grounds, Personal."

A glorious leap of the heart shook the boy. "Yes, sir!" he cried.

Mr. Mitchell took out a five-dollar bill. "There'll be expenses such as telephones and car fare. Hand in a bill at the end of the week. This is in advance. Speed, my boy!"

Jimmy sped; he flew! Our modern plunging elevators, the railways in the air, the

roaring railways underground; look at them in the right mood, and they are as wonderful as the magic carpet of Araby. At any rate Jimmy could not have thrilled more as he flew on them to the Polo Grounds that day.

Outside the great amphitheatre he could hear the thunder of a multitude as it cheered an exciting play. He showed the envelope to the uniformed giant at the gate, who glanced at the name and pointed to an entrance. "By the racket I guess that's him getting up to the bat," he said and grinned. "Take the tunnel to the right, first turn to the left, but keep off the field when you get to the players' bench."

A roaring yell interrupted him. "Oh, a daisy!" "Ataboy! They can't get it!"

"Another homer!" the giant called to Jimmy. "Run and you'll see him."

And with no more difficulty than that Jimmy found himself inside. He sprinted down the cement tunnel, turned and emerged into the sunlight just in time to see a big round-faced player spurt across the home plate amid the yells of twenty thousand baseball maniacs.

Jimmy, who was all goose flesh with excitement, waited till the man, grinning and waving his cap at the roaring arena came to the bench. An attendant conducted Jimmy to him. The big man took the envelope, read the note and then looked at Jimmy and smiled. "Tell Mitch surest thing you know! Tuesday afternoon."

With a friendly pat he dismissed him, and only those who have felt the touch of a king's sword on the shoulder, bestowing knighthood honors, know how Jimmy felt. Somewhere a truant in him whispered, "Wait and watch the game awhile!"

He lingered and sought an obscure corner from which he could see the field. Then another whisper spoke, "The Clarion, Mr. Mitchell and this famous man are trusting you to do their work!"

So Jimmy trotted every step that he could have walked and in excellent time arrived panting before Mr. Mitchell.

"Good leg work!" Mr. Mitchell said.

That was praise of course, but somehow it roused in Jimmy only mixed feelings. Something seemed lacking, something that he missed and wanted. But what it was he did not understand, though some weeks later he was to understand and remember all his life. His momentary questioning, however, was ended by the refrain in his heart: "I'm on the Clarion! I am sent to see great men! I'm on the Clarion!"

Half past five that afternoon came as it had never come to Jimmy on any afternoon in his life. He had been in a whirl of delightful occupations, had done errands that were fascination itself, and in an incredibly short time all was over. He was free to go home for the day. No, free to go were not the words; rather free to choose whether to go or to explore his new world. He explored.

When he finally went home he was tired, but his eyes glowed. With a gesture he presented Mr. Hanna with the final edition of the Clarion. The small sum that Jimmy had saved by getting the paper free did not begin to measure the happiness and pride that he derived from the circumstance. He poured out the story of his day's adventures.

Mr. Hanna listened admiringly. "Better than school, eh, Jimmy?" he said and grinned.

Mrs. Hanna, who had been filling Jimmy's plate, abruptly put it down. "It's not better than school, Bill Hanna!" she cried sternly. "You know it too, both of you! If you'd had more schoolin' in your life, Bill, Jimmy wouldn't have to stop school, and him only a boy and Lord knows what he's goin' to do without school, and him an orphan!"

Mr. Hanna wilted behind his newspaper. Jimmy likewise fell from his exultant mood and ate his supper in silence. He wondered why Mrs. Hanna's words should sound like a reproach. Was he not doing his best? Was not Mr. Mitchell satisfied with him? Though he could not shake off the sense of reproach, he finally arrived in his mind at a satisfactory solution. He resolved to do his very best on the Clarion—a resolution that made him feel easier; nevertheless, it was a superfluous resolution, for his whole heart was already engaged in his work.

Nor was it at all difficult to carry out his resolution. Mr. Mitchell saw to it that the orphaned son of his old friend had as good a summer as possible. Without thereby diminishing the boy's usefulness to the Clarion, he sent Jimmy on the pleasantest errands. There were trips to the Polo Grounds in the midst of play between the Giants or the Yankees and some outside team; there were messages to be taken to players in tennis, swimming and polo tournaments; and there was a never-to-be-forgotten morning when Jimmy was sent with a reporter and a camera man to meet a steamer on which a golf champion was arriving. The early morning rising that day; the trip down the bay on the revenue cutter; the bracing salt breeze; the towering ocean liner; the climb up its unsteady ladder; the pleasantly excited passengers; the glimpse of celebrities whom the reporters were interviewing; the precious package of photographic plates entrusted to Jimmy to rush back to the Clarion; the ride back on the cutter; the dash down Broadway in the automobile waiting specially for him—all those things were wonderful!

But there were other moments that summer that were as precious and as much like a fairy tale. A famous comedian gave him his card to take in to the editor and smiled with the sensitive quirk of the mouth that was known to all his admirers. Jimmy delivered the message, begged for the card, got it and put it away in his breast pocket and held the memory of the smile in his heart. A member of the Cabinet of the President of the United States pinched his ear.

As the summer wore on Jimmy's dreams soared higher and higher. Both New York teams, the Giants and the Yankees, were now virtually sure of their championships. That meant that the greatest contest in baseball, the World Series, would be fought out between them in New York City. Already the approaching contest was eclipsing in the minds of several million New Yorkers such minor things as business, war, family and conferences of premiers. Jimmy's dream was that Mr. Mitchell would send him on errands to the Polo Grounds during the World Series in September.

But, although it was still late August, every other copy boy on the Clarion, including Burke, the captain, had the same dream. Burke was not without influence, and Jimmy knew that he was already playing politics to realize that dream for himself to the exclusion of his underlings. Burke had made himself unpleasant to Jimmy, but not unpleasant enough to eclipse the happiness that Mr. Mitchell managed to place in his way. But if Burke should capture the prize errands during the World Series, Jimmy felt that his own summer would be ruined. Determinedly, therefore, he set about to make his dream come true.

He had had little chance to talk of himself with Mr. Mitchell. Also he had had the good taste to ask no favors of the man who was already doing so much for him. But one afternoon he took, as it were, his life in his hands and said to Mr. Mitchell, "Could I talk to you for a second—some day when you're not busy?"

The moment was well chosen; the rush for the day was over, and by rare luck Mr. Mitchell seemed almost at leisure. "I should say so!" The man's kindness was so profound that Jimmy's hopes rose. "What's on your mind?"

"Please—if you need me—for the World Series—"

The man laughed. "I might have known it!" He threw up his hands in despair. "That's all anyone has in his head these days."

Well, Jimmy, there's a chance that I may dig up a ticket. But you'll have to be a very good scholar!"

Jimmy blushed with pleasure. "I didn't mean I was to take time off from work!" he protested eagerly. "I thought you might want to send me on some errand—"

"Work? You mean time off from school, don't you?"

"School?" Jimmy echoed, wondering.

Mr. Mitchell looked puzzled.

"School, Jimmy," he said. "High school. Isn't it time you were getting ready for it? It opens—when? Next week, doesn't it?"

Premonition, like some invisible claw,

clutched Jimmy's heart. "Why, Mr. Mitchell, I'm not going to school any more!" he said.

"What!" The change in the man's manner startled him.

"Why—I've got to support myself."

Mr. Mitchell's face cleared. "Oh, well, that's all right, my boy!" If Jimmy had been his son, the man could not have expressed more kindness in his tone. "I meant to tell you. I'll see you through with a little help till you can shift for yourself."

"But—but—I—you're very kind—but—" the boy stammered.

Mr. Mitchell smiled sympathetically. "You are your dad all over! He never could take

a loan, no matter how broke he was. I like that, Jimmy, but not when it comes to cutting out school on that account. How much a week do you need?"

Jimmy was tight in a corner, and as always when in a corner he fought. "I don't want to go to school," he cried. "It's dull! I hate it! And I love working here!"

All the kindness ebbed out of Mr. Mitchell's eyes. For the first time Jimmy saw how cold they could look. "I guess that's mostly my fault," Mr. Mitchell said. "I thought I was making it pleasant for the son of my old side kick. I thought you knew enough to want to go on with school

and needed only a little vacation money. All right, I'll take the blame. But you're going to school."

"It's not your fault," Jimmy protested, frightened and sorry that he had spoken at all. "But I don't see why I should go on with school. I've graduated elementary. There are some big men in the world who are getting along without any more schooling—"

"And you're getting along without your mother!" Mr. Mitchell interrupted him sternly. "Does that mean that you think you're better off without her?"

TO BE CONTINUED.



"I can almost sing your part already"

"MOTHER! Mother!" Sylvia Abbott fairly danced into the kitchen where her mother was busy preparing the vegetables for dinner. "What do you think has happened to me? I have been chosen to sing the leading rôle in the Girl from the City!"

Mrs. Abbott turned a tired face toward her daughter. "Is that so? How nice!"

"Nice! O mother! What an inadequate word! Wonderful, thrilling, exciting, stupendous, exhilarating—anything but nice! It's too good to be true. Do you realize that your one and only daughter has been selected from eight hundred students in the Jefferson High School to be the prima donna? Ahem!"

Mrs. Abbott smiled again into the blue eyes which were so like her own. "I am overwhelmed with the idea of being the parent of a budding prima donna," she said, "but I am not so carried away by it that I can forget that we must have dinner tonight, or that daddy is waiting for you to go on an errand for him. You had better run in and tell him all about it and see what he wants."

Eager to relate the story of her triumph again, Sylvia obeyed. "Hello, daddykins," she called in greeting, pausing in the doorway of the bedroom where Mr. Abbott was lying, "how's the old leg? Not ready to shed its plaster jacket yet? Goodness, the doctor is cautious." Then as her father smiled up at her she told her news. "So you see it will be a very important personage that returns your book to the library and takes your report to the office."

"I see," he replied gayly.

For the next few days Sylvia lived in the clouds. Then the score of the operetta was given out, and the house rang with the music as she practiced her part.

"Even if I had two sound legs instead of one," Mr. Abbott remarked one evening as Sylvia brought in his tray, "there would be no point in my going to the operetta; I can almost sing your part already."

"Poor old dad!"

"Of course," Mr. Abbott said, "I should like to see my girl in all her glory triumphantly singing her way to fame, but—"

Sylvia started slightly. "In all my glory? How do you know I'll succeed?"

Although the answer was satisfactory, Sylvia was frowning. Unwittingly dad had touched a tender spot.

That evening as she and her mother washed the supper dishes together she broached the subject cautiously: "The Girl from the City is an operetta in three acts, mumsie. The first act takes place at the country club, the second in a garden and the third at a big formal reception. That means three costumes, you know."

BLUE CANTON CRÊPE

By Edith Lewis Hunt

DRAWINGS BY MAY AIKEN

Mrs. Abbott scoured a saucepan with unnecessary vigor. "I thought the school supplied the costumes, that the domestic science classes made them," she said briefly.

"They do," explained Sylvia, "when costumes for a certain period are required, like Greek robes; but this is a modern play, and the clothes are just what everyone has and wears. In the first act I can use my white sport skirt and blouse and white shoes and stockings and my Panama hat; for the second

there is my pink mull that Aunt Emily sent me; I have only had it on twice. The same shoes and stockings will do, and if I use a parasol I shan't need another hat. But I just can't seem to think what to wear at the reception. My black pumps and my brand-new hat will do, but the dress—"

She stopped uncertainly.

"Wear your tan dress."

"Mother! Do you think that's the kind of dress a belle from the city would wear? Besides, I've worn it on every possible occasion since the year one. It has worked overtime. No, I can't wear that again!"

"But, Sylvia, my dear, what else have you?"

"All the stores are having sales just now, and today on my way to the library I saw—"

"Sylvia Abbott, you know we cannot afford to buy a new dress now."

"You didn't let me finish, mother. Not a dress, just the material; it's cheaper that way, and we would make it together, you and I. Please, mother, please."

Mrs. Abbott looked disheartened. "Dear, it is out of the question. You know that as well as I do. Daddy has been laid up for over eight weeks now, and, although the firm has been very kind and he has had the chance to do some extra work at home, it isn't as if he had been working regularly and there were no doctor's bills to meet. Moreover, though Miss Denton has kept her room and paid well for it, she has been away more than a month now, and we do miss her board money. We are not justified in assuming the extra expense. It will take what money we can spare to have Teddy's play shoes patched and to buy him a new pair for kindergarten. He does scuff them through so fast."

Sylvia sorted the spoons in silence. Then she ventured a suggestion: "I am sure we could get credit at Marden's."

Mrs. Abbott turned abruptly. "You know I don't like to have to ask for extended credit even for living expenses, but to run into debt unnecessarily for clothes—never! We can't do it, that's all. Perhaps there's something in that trunk of Grandma Bascom's that we can make over."

"O mother, you know there isn't! Anyway I am sick of made-over clothes."

Mrs. Abbott said nothing further then, but a spot of color burned in either cheek, and her mouth was set in a firm line. As she hung up the dish mop a little later she said to Sylvia, "I am sorry that things have happened so. I want you to have as pretty clothes as anyone else, and if there were any way—but there isn't. You will have to make up your mind to wear the tan dress, dear, or else give up the part. And don't let

daddy see that you are unhappy about it either. He is worried enough."

The words were an ultimatum, and Sylvia knew it, but that did not make it any easier for her to accept the situation. She cried herself to sleep that night and brooded over the matter the next morning as she set about the regular Saturday work.

"Make sure that the shades are drawn in the front room, Sylvia," said Mrs. Abbott.

"Yes, mother, I will."

Sylvia went into Miss Denton's room to see that everything was in place after the weekly cleaning, which had been done as meticulously as if the young woman had been there. The closet door was ajar, revealing the row of pretty dresses on their hangers. Sylvia frowned. Some people had everything, Miss Denton for example. She had money enough to live where she wanted, though why she boarded with them instead of at a fashionable hotel was a mystery; she had money to go where she wanted to and when she wanted to, clothes for every possible occasion and just the proper jewelry to go with the clothes! Sylvia surveyed the gowns approvingly as she stood there. Eunice Denton knew how to choose clothes. That adorable jade-green silk and the Canton crêpe of a wonderful Copenhagen blue—she had tired of them already. Sylvia touched the crêpe lovingly, took it out of the closet and held it up to her before the long mirror. How it brought out the gold in her hair and the blue in her eyes! Oh, well! With a sigh she put the dress back and went on with her work.

Rehearsals for the Girl from the City continued with increasing frequency under the supervision of Miss Fallon, one of the teachers. Finally the day came when the costumes were discussed in detail. Miss Fallon with the play before her read each character's lines in turn and jotted down notes as to costume.

"First act, white sport clothes," announced Sylvia when her turn came. "Second, pink mull; third—" She hesitated.

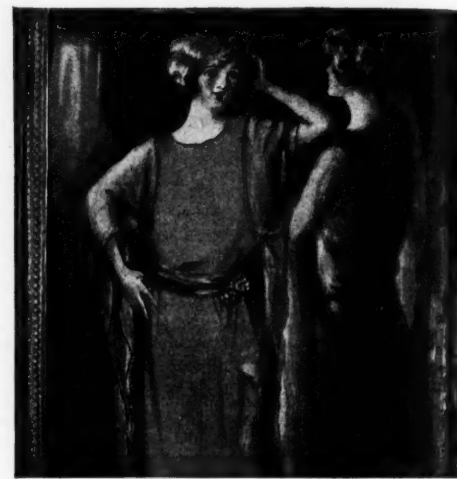
"Yes, third act, a reception gown," Miss Fallon looked up from her notes. "What have you planned for that?"

"Her tan dress," Sylvia flushed; it was Gladys Hoyt's voice in a stage whisper. Of course everyone knew that Gladys had expected to play the leading rôle, but that did not help much.

"Yes, Sylvia?" Miss Fallon was waiting.

Sylvia looked up, met Gladys Hoyt's eye and to her own astonishment announced in firm tones: "Canton crêpe, Copenhagen blue."

It was done! Now what would mother say? But of course mother would not be there; she couldn't leave father alone. And Teddy was too little to go. They need not know until it was all over. She wouldn't hurt the dress, wearing it just once, and Miss Denton was safely in the city. If she were at home, Sylvia wouldn't mind asking her. At the thought Sylvia turned and faced facts. Of course she would mind! Ask the reserved Miss Denton for anything? Certainly not! Well, anyway, she needn't think of the dress for a while. Maybe before the time for the play came something would happen.



She smiled at herself in the mirror

But the time drew nearer and nearer, and nothing did happen; that is, not until the day before the performance. Then that afternoon Teddy met her at the gate. "Mith Denton's coming home," he lisped.

Sylvia brushed past him and hurried into the house. "Miss Denton's coming?" she asked excitedly.

"Yes, next week," her mother replied. "Her letter is on the mantelpiece. She asks us to get her blue crêpe dress to the cleaner's; you know the one. She spilled some coffee down one side, and she wants it ready to wear when she gets back next Friday."

Sylvia's eyes flashed. "What does she think we are that we must run and fetch and carry for her always? Isn't it enough that you nursed her through bronchitis, waited on her hand and foot, without receiving her orders by mail?"

Mrs. Abbott looked at her excited daughter in amazement. "Why, Sylvia! I realize that you have always resented her living here; and yet as long as we must have a boarder we could not ask for a better one than Eunice. She gets along beautifully with dad and Teddy, and she's easily suited."

"There it is—Eunice! You would think she were one of the family; you stand up for her, and so does dad. He raves about her glorious hair—plain red I call it—and her interesting conversation. You call her by her first name a good part of the time. Teddy shouts with glee that she is coming home! And I—I hate her!" Seeing the expression on her mother's face, she stopped abruptly, and her tone changed. "I didn't mean that exactly, mumsie; I guess I'm just tired, that's all. I'll telephone to the cleaner now and find out how long it will take to clean the dress."

She did so and waited for his answer in fear and trembling. Four days! This was Thursday, and the operetta was on Friday. If she got the dress to him on Saturday morning, it would surely be back on time. Reprieve number one! Then she sped upstairs, and, slipping on the dress, went to the window to hunt for the coffee stains. There they were on the left side, but on the stage they would not show. Reprieve number two! She smiled at herself in the mirror, a tremulous little smile. The dress was undeniably becoming, and it fitted surprisingly well, but—Petulantly shrugging her shoulders, she slipped back into her school dress and went downstairs.

The next morning she started for school with her cane suitcase in her hand. "I am taking Miss Denton's dress myself, as I have to take the suitcase with my costumes. Then it will surely get to the cleaner's in time." She flushed at the subterfuge.

Mrs. Abbott looked up in astonishment. "Is that necessary? It is too bad for you to go out of your way. I thought the wagon would call for it in time. And you have that heavy suitcase of clothes too. Are you sure they will be safe at the school?"

"Oh, yes. We are going to lock them up in the teachers' dressing room until tonight. Good-by." Avoiding her mother's eye, she hastened down the steps. It was a curious thing; she had expected to get so much joy out of the operetta, and now she would be thankful when it was over. Once safely out of this scrape, she would never get herself into another, never again.

That afternoon she hurried home from school after the dress rehearsal; there were several things yet to do. As she stepped into the front hall two objects met her startled eyes: the first was a large leather suitcase with the initials E. B. D. on one end; the second was a white box, unmistakably a florist's box. But her astonishment at the second was swallowed in her dismay at the first.

"Miss Denton!" she exclaimed.

"Present." The young woman appeared in the doorway of the living room. "Yes, it is really I and not a ghost!"

At that moment Teddy stuck his head through the portières. "There's a bockth here for you, Thylvia," he said. "I've been waiting and waiting for you to come and open it."

Sylvia slipped off the string mechanically and, lifting the cover, peered wonderingly at the red rosebuds nestled in maidenhair. Her trembling fingers picked up the card, and she read:

I hope you will take pleasure in wearing these tonight. Sincerely,
Eunice Denton.

"Don't you like them? Would you have preferred something else? I met your friend Doris at the station, and she told me all about the operetta. I thought these would be pretty with your new blue gown."

The reference to the blue gown was the last straw. Sylvia crumpled into a pathetic little heap in the hall chair. "Oh, don't!" she sobbed. "Oh, don't!"

Miss Denton looked at her in dismay. "What is it?"

"You don't understand. I haven't any blue dress at all." And as she heard Miss Denton gasp she hurried on: "I have only my old tan dress that I've worn and worn and worn, and you had such heaps of clothes! I knew I wouldn't hurt it, and it seemed so easy—and then there was Gladys Hoyt."

At the first words Miss Denton had whisked the astonished Teddy through the kitchen door and had shut it behind him; then she had dropped upon the lowest stair opposite Sylvia. When the story was ended she was silent for a moment. Then she said rather hesitantly: "It is unfortunate that there are those coffee stains on the skirt."

Sylvia stared at her.

"And," Miss Denton continued, "if I had only known I would have brought my blue carved chain from the safe-deposit box to go with it."

"Oh, don't. It's impossible! If I only hadn't!" murmured Sylvia incoherently.

As the sobbing continued Miss Denton took a firmer tone: "Sylvia Abbott, listen to me. Why do you suppose I have wanted to live here? Because it's a home, a real home. I am so sick of boarding houses and hotels! Here are a father and mother and sister and little brother—a family for me to watch and enjoy and pretend are mine even if I am only on the outer edge. And sometimes I have felt almost as if I were part of them—almost, but not quite, because the sister has always held me at a distance, I don't know why. Now for the first time she has done something that for a moment made me feel that I really was one of the family—big sister Eunice. I had something she needed, and in her perplexity she took it. I'm glad I had it; I'm glad to lend it. And now, isn't she going to accept it? Is she going to push me out of the family again just as I have about climbed in?"

"It isn't that," Sylvia protested. "I ought not to have taken it, and I knew it all the time."

Eunice Denton looked at the downcast figure and smiled. "True enough, but let's forget that part," she said gently. "Don't shed another tear. Tonight's must be a successful performance, for the older sister Eunice is going to celebrate her inclusion in the family by leading the applause for younger sister Sylvia, the Girl from the City, starring in blue Canton crepe."

THE "MAJOR SPORTS"

I. THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

By William Lyon Phelps

Mr. Phelps is a former Yale baseball player who is now professor of English at his Alma Mater

BASEBALL is one hundred per cent American. It is native and has never really flourished elsewhere. In its speed, skill and brevity it seems particularly adapted to our high nervous tension. It lasts about as long as a theatre play and resembles that form of entertainment in more ways than one. The mystery of hero and villain is discovered in about two hours, sometimes at the rate of a thrill a minute. Frequently the unexpected happens. Victory suddenly emerges from the very core of defeat.

A DRAMATIC ENDING

In one of his poems Browning says, "Sudden the worst turns the best to the brave." No player should ever give up until the last man is out and the score is history. I remember a game between Yale and Princeton where in the ninth innings with Princeton two runs ahead and Yale at bat, two men out and one runner on first base a freshman, Arthur Camp, stepped to the plate. He obtained two strikes. The grand stand reverberated with thousands of retreating feet, for many people apparently attend a game or a drama in order to see how speedily they may escape. What do you suppose these "quitters" do with the time they have saved by beating the crowd to the exits? They seem so pathetically anxious to save it that they ought to employ it in some high and noble public service.

Well, as I was saying, young Camp stepped to the bat to the accompaniment of marching feet, all marching away from the game. With two strikes and the Princeton substitutes packing up the bats, he knocked a home run; the score was tied, for he brought in Fincke ahead of him, who had had the good sense to wait for a base on balls and thus play the game even in the face of almost certain defeat.

This drive by Camp changed the aspect of the universe; we traveled with incredible speed from the other place to Paradise; and Princeton, who were already "Fletcherizing" the sweet morsel of victory, found in Scriptural language that they had filled their belly with the east wind. The game went to the tenth innings; but what a difference! Princeton's bright confidence was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, whereas the sons of Eli, who a moment before had felt that the bitterness of death was past and were resigned to their fate, were now yelling like timber wolves that smell blood. In the extra innings Princeton got nothing; each batsman fought as one who beats the air. Yale came to the plate, and a boy named Letton knocked out another home run, having learned from a freshman that it was a simple thing to do.

Just before Camp hit the ball a girl sitting next to me soliloquized sadly, "I have never seen Yale beaten before." I replied, "But you are going to now." Camp's bat made the fitting comment on my inaccuracy. His home run was like one of those delightful

footnotes in Wells's Outline of History where the expert who really knows what he is talking about emphatically contradicts the statement in the text.

I remember on another occasion, when Yale and Princeton were playing the third game for the championship in New York, the Tigers went to bat in the ninth inning, five runs behind. Two men went out, one of them being caught at the plate. The air resounded with the noise of false prophets hurrying away from the stands. But by a combination of steady hits from Princeton, assisted by the most weird errors of the Yale infield (Frank, I know you will never be able to forget), the Jersey men made six runs, and Yale went to bat in the last half of the ninth, knowing their task was hopeless. And it was.

There were thousands of persons who thought they had been present at a Yale victory, and they did not find out the truth until the Sunday paper contained what seemed to their disordered minds an account of some other game. That particular ninth innings gives me a slight nausea even now; yet it is one of the imperishable stars in Princeton's crown.

It is often said that college students take athletic contests too seriously; my own feeling in the matter is that they do not take them seriously enough. If you play a game with all your might, determined by every honorable means to win, then not only do you enjoy the game by self-effacement but the struggle is good discipline; in later life you will play hard to win some game where the stakes are of more lasting importance.



Safe at first!

But if you take the attitude that it is "only a game" and are neither elated by victory nor depressed by defeat, there is something wrong in you, something fundamentally wrong that is bound in maturer years to develop into a fatal illness of the spirit.

Of course I know that I shall probably be misunderstood for writing the preceding paragraph. I will risk that, however, for no player except a cheater is worse than one who is indifferent. In defeat congratulate your opponent heartily and never in any circumstance make any excuses; but please suffer inwardly. Outwardly look and inwardly feel like Esther in the Apocrypha: "Her countenance was cheerful and very amiable; but her heart was in anguish."

I remember when I was an undergraduate the professor of physics called on one of my classmates to recite. The young man said, "I don't know," took his zero and sat

down. Feeling that nothing worse could happen to him, he glanced idly out of the window. "But don't dismiss the subject from your mind!" cried the professor.

If baseball is worth playing, it is worth training for. And the very sacrifices demanded in training are not only wholesomely beneficial; they ought to be actually delightful to those who really love baseball. One of the greatest athletic leaders Harvard ever had was Captain Winslow, in 1885. He announced at the beginning of the season that faithfulness in discipline would be demanded of every candidate. It so happened

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL



Over the fence!

that a veteran on the team and one who was regarded as the best player in college had a gay evening. He was informed by Captain Winslow that his services would not be required at all that year. The offender and his friends were thunderstruck; they could not believe that the captain really meant it; many declared that without the veteran victory could not be won. "Then we shall lose," said Captain Winslow. The star did not play in a single game. But the nine not only won the championship; they were never once defeated!

Alonzo Stagg of Yale was a severe disciplinarian. A veteran player broke training on the Easter trip. The experience did not hurt him, but to his amazement he was not permitted to play till the last game of the season toward the end of June. He was then so "sharp-set" that he made a home run and helped to win the championship for Yale.

It is often said that the British do not care whether they win or lose, that they play only for the sake of the sport. Do not believe such nonsense for a moment; there are no people in the world who feel worse under defeat than Englishmen, which is one reason why they are such good sports. They fight hard and hate to be beaten.

The successful professional baseball player is almost always high-strung, eager, with nerves on edge; and, though it is necessary that he should be punished for losing his temper in public, it should be remembered that he would not lose his temper at all if he were not so keen to win. He should therefore be fined and forgiven. The unpardonable sin is not to care; to look upon playing as most failures regard their daily work; namely, as a disagreeable job that must be endured for the money and the leisure hours it brings, both of which can be spent in pleasure. This is the highway to failure in all undertakings: to believe that there is no pleasure in the work itself, but only in the time spent away from it.

LOVE OF THE GAME

I remember years ago that a reporter interviewed a number of professional ball players, and asked them all this question: Do you enjoy playing? One after another answered in the negative. "How do you expect a man is going to enjoy himself sweating under a broiling sun?" "Think what rotten treatment we get from spectators when we make an error!" "The whole thing is just one hard grind with no fun in it!" Then the reporter reached old McGuire, a seasoned veteran; he said, "Like it? I love it! I love everything about it. I love the morning practice. I love going out to the game with the other boys in the bus. I love the warming-up. I love the game itself, and I love to talk it over in the evening." I admired McGuire after reading that.

The greatest ball player of all time is undoubtedly Tyros Raymond Cobb of Detroit. He has played in the major league eighteen consecutive years and is the most valuable asset a nine ever had. Even now as I write this article, late in August, he and Sisler are fighting for the premier honors in batting. He is a great outfielder, a base runner of positive genius and a man who in every game for eighteen years has done his utmost to win. He has never spared himself, but has

"Sudden the worst turns the best to the brave"



thrown his body and soul into every contest. He once told me that toward the end of a season, if the championship was within reach and yet doubtful, he could not sleep, but sat up in bed night after night, thinking out plays. His mind in a game is as active as his body, and his successful batting, which often means that he makes a two-base hit where another would make a single, comes from outguessing his opponents. He knows when to pretend to run and when to run. The other day he said something that ought to be remembered. Detroit had won the game, but he had failed to hit once. Knowing how eager he was to lead the league in batting, a reporter said to him, "Too bad, Ty, you didn't get a hit today." Cobb instantly replied, "But we won the game. That's all that counts." It is his unquenchable zest as well as his bodily skill and activity that has helped to place him on an eminence in the national game where no rival, living or dead, can hope to stand.

I think the following all-professional nine would be hard to beat: Radbourn, Mathewson, Alexander, pitchers; Ewing, Kelley, Bennett, catchers; Anson, Tenney, Sisler, first base; Lajoie, E. Collins, Young, second base; Wagner, Scott, O. Bush, shortstop; Groh, Latham, White, third base; Cobb, Speaker, Ruth, Hornsby, Tiernan, Hines, Hanlon, Crawford, Donlin, Williams, outfield. I do not say that this is the finest group of players imaginable, for I don't know that, but simply that they would be hard to beat. Every man was or is an artist.

But I think I know for certain who was the greatest pitcher of all time. His name is Radbourn. When I remember that in 1884 he won the championship for Providence by pitching every day toward the end of the season I think his record never has been and never will be equaled.

And as Radbourn is the greatest of all pitchers, so Amos Alonzo Stagg is unquestionably the first of college pitchers. Remember what he accomplished. He pitched for Yale in five successive years, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, and Yale won the championship over Harvard and over Princeton every one of those years. Stagg headed the batting order for most of that period, was a daring and successful base runner and fielded his position with extraordinary skill and judgment. He never had either blinding speed or remarkable curves, but he had almost perfect control and never forgot a batsman. If a batsman faced him once, Stagg discovered immediately that man's weakness and always thereafter gave him just the ball most awkward to hit. It was nothing short of uncanny. Carter, another great college pitcher, had more speed and more deceptive curves than Stagg. But in his freshman year the captain would not allow him to pitch; in his sophomore year, when he was at his best, he was defeated in the final game by Harvard, Jack Highlands pitching against him; in his senior year his arm gave out, so that he could not pitch. The only year therefore in which he won a championship by pitching was his junior year. He was undoubtedly a great ball player and in championship contests actually played at one time or another pitcher, catcher, first base, second base, third base and the outfield—an extraordinary record; and he became a fine batsman. But I submit that as a pitcher his career does not compare with that of Stagg.

HIS LAST GAME

Stagg's last game, in 1890, was the most thrilling. Princeton had been beaten, and Yale and Harvard had a game apiece. It was the last inning, with Harvard at the bat. Harvard was two runs behind, and two were out, but it had three men on bases and the redoubtable Dudley Dean at the plate. Stagg gave him a base on balls, forcing in one run—it excites me even now so that I find it almost as difficult to hit the right keys on the typewriter as the next Harvard batsman found it hard to hit the ball. As a matter of fact, Stagg forced him to hit weakly to Billy Dalzell at shortstop (good old Bill), who threw him out at first. The game was over; Yale had won for the fifth successive year, and Stagg retired like a glorious sunset.

It is curious how much more one man can make out of a position than another can. Right field always used to be regarded as the least important of the nine places. But Alfred Ripley, now president of the Merchants National Bank in Boston and a member of the Yale corporation, playing that humble position for Yale in his undergraduate days, in one game threw out four men at first

base on ground hits all of which looked to the spectator perfectly safe.

Although I yield to no one in my admiration for the game of football, there is one respect in which baseball is more agreeable to watch. The spectator actually sees every play, and, whether the umpire is right or wrong, every onlooker sees exactly what happens. But in football the umpire is all-important, and yet as a rule when a touchdown is disallowed or a penalty is inflicted no one in the vast concourse has the slightest idea why. Furthermore, the technique of football is so complicated that only a few people who watch the game understand and appreciate the skill or lack of it displayed in the line, whereas the footwork, handwork and headwork in a game of baseball are instantly apparent to nearly every man among the twenty thousand who are looking on. There is perhaps nothing in the world where proficiency is so understood and appreciated as in baseball. It would be wonderful if the fine arts of music and acting could be exhibited before audiences as competent as the horde who shout their approval or disapproval at the national game.

It is unfortunate that the ethics of amateur baseball are still so deplorable—beneath comparison with the ethics of golf or tennis. What would be thought of a golf or a tennis player who should attempt to "rattle" his opponent by jeering at him just

as he was about to execute a difficult stroke? Yet such is the regular and apparently approved practice in baseball. It is simply one more proof that man as an individual can be both reasonable and gentlemanly; put him in a group and he becomes one of a pack of wild beasts.

College baseball teams are inclined to depend too much on the coach. He should train them of course and give them the benefit of his knowledge, skill and experience, but it is an unpleasant though common sight to see a college man at bat looking anxiously at the coach on the bench to see whether he should try to bunt, to hit, or should wait for a base on balls. As the coach has it in his power to raise or lower the ethics of the game so far as his pupils are concerned, he should be selected with as much reference to his character as to his ability. Here is the place where the standards of behavior on the field can best be raised, and it is pleasant to observe that already much progress has been made in that direction. The ethics of college baseball have advanced enormously over the standards of twenty-five years ago, and they should continue to rise. One of the finest things that ever happened in baseball history was when the Harvard supporters, after their team had been defeated in the final game with Yale in 1922, actually cheered Aldrich, the Yale captain. Harvard should be prouder of that than of victory.

A MESSAGE TO CHIEF JOSEPH

By Frank Robertson

Chapter Eight. The Mazeppa ride

AFTER what seemed an interminable time my head jerked violently into the pure air, and with ineffable relief I gulped my lungs full and then began to kick for all I was worth to prevent another of those smothering spins. My hands were still locked in the tangle of Brogan's tail, but I knew that another such twist would surely tear me loose. I found that by exerting my legs tremendously I could avoid spinning, but for keeping afloat I had to depend absolutely on Brogan.

I tried to look across to the other bank, but all that I could see in front of me was Brogan's head bobbing in the flood; yet I knew that we were being carried downstream with incredible speed. In spite of my utmost efforts the water sucked me under from time to time and held me until my head felt as if it were being crushed beneath some gigantic screw. I lost all sense of time and distance.

Suddenly I was yanked ahead three times as Brogan made three jumps, and then I found myself on the bank just out of reach of the stream. I let my fingers straighten and lay there retching the water out of my body for many minutes before I was able

to observe my surroundings. Finally I rose and made a simple test to determine whether we really had crossed the river. I stood facing the way the river ran, and it was my left hand that was closer to it, whereas on the south side it had been my right hand.

Soon I felt better and was ready for the next step. I perceived that the water had carried us far down and round a bend, so that Buffalo Horn and his Indians would not know whether we had survived or not. Brogan with his buckskin coat now incased in an armor of mud was quietly grazing.

I mounted the old pony and set out in the direction in which Chief Joseph was supposed to be camping. Luckily I found a much-used trail, and within an hour I was in sight of the Nez Percé village, which was in a small basin. I rode boldly to within sight and made the peace sign. Immediately half a dozen warriors surrounded me, and I explained to them that I had come with a message to Chief Joseph from the Bannock and Shoshone tribes.

They conducted me at once to a sort of double tepee. A dozen or so fine-looking braves were lounging in front, but they stood aside respectfully as I was ushered inside. My guard withdrew, and I found myself in the presence of five Indians, who

I knew were chiefs. A large, portly-looking man stood up and scrutinized me calmly. The look of quiet dignity and calm self-assurance on his face convinced me that he was Chief Joseph, the man whom I had come so far to deceive. The four others I learned later were Chief Joseph's brother Ollicot, Looking-glass, Whitebird and Too-hul-hul-suit, the holy man, or medicine man.

Chief Joseph began to speak in Shoshone, a language that they all seemed to understand: "Before the Shoshone speaks let him understand that he is a prisoner. Let him guard his words lest they betray him."

That, as far as I know, is the first instance in Indian history when a prisoner received a warning equivalent to the white man's advice, "Anything that you say may be used against you."

Though I knew Chief Joseph to be an enemy to my people, I warned instantly to him. His face, it is true, was naturally severe and stern, but in it was no trace of the bloodthirstiness of Buffalo Horn or of the slippery guile of Big Foot.

"Why should I be a prisoner?" I asked. "I come not as an enemy of the Nez Percés, but as a messenger from the council house of the Bannocks and the Shoshones. That the great chief of the Nez Percés may know that I am what I pretend to be I give him back his own sign." I made the sign as Buffalo Horn had made it. To my astonishment the other chiefs greeted it with surly grunts.

"The sign is right," said Joseph. "What is the message?"

"The message is this: The heart of Nampuh, the great chief of the Shoshones, is filled with sorrow at the evil that has come upon the Nez Percés. Also the council house of the Bannocks sends its sympathy. They say that when you take the warpath their spirits will fight with you." I stopped dramatically.

"Buffalo Horn promised that it would be the bodies of their young men that would fight with us, not spirits of thin air," Joseph said contemptuously. "Why has their blood turned cold?"

"Their blood is still hot, but the soldiers are among them, and the arms of my people have been taken away." I sought to make my answers evasive enough so that it would appear as if I were withholding the real reasons for Shoshone neutrality.

"And they were so much occupied that they must needs send a mere stripling with a message that they knew a thousand warriors were waiting for," Joseph said ironically.

"I am a warrior," I declared, feigning to be indignant.

"You came alone?" Joseph asked gently.

"Alone," I boasted.

"Does the Shoshone speak truth?" Joseph asked, turning to Looking-glass.

"He lies," Looking-glass replied promptly. "He is one of five Shoshone and three Bannock warriors whom I and my young men watched on the opposite side of the Clearwater before the great storm."

Obviously Looking-glass was the leader of the band that had driven off our horses.

"Why do your companions hide out in the bushes from those who are their friends?" Joseph asked.

"Is it their friends who drive away their horses when they are seeking shelter from the storm?" I asked.

"Had your hearts been right you would have come in boldly with a straight story, and we should have returned your horses. Looking-glass learned that your real mission was to spy on us for the white soldiers and to steal our horses; therefore he took your ponies. We know now that the Shoshones have the hearts of the snakes they are named for and that the Bannocks are no better." Joseph looked from one chief to another. "What shall we do with the prisoner?" he asked.

"Kill him," Looking-glass replied.

"He is a spy," Too-hul-hul-suit hissed; "he must burn." The others nodded.

Chief Joseph turned to me and said gravely: "Had you come to us with a straight tongue, even though your message were that of a coward, we should have allowed you to depart in peace. But you came to us with a lie upon your lips; therefore you must die. The Nez Percés are not cruel; so when the sun sets you shall die by the knife in the hands of a warrior."

"I have heard, and I thank you," I said.

Joseph looked astonished and scrutinized me narrowly.

"What of the white man?" Too-hul-hul-suit demanded irritably.

"Bring him in," Joseph ordered.

Ollicot lifted a flap and disclosed the other

The old sorrel outlaw rose like a rocket

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARNER



part of the tepee. There to my horror I saw Leander, bound and gagged!

They brought the old mountaineer in and removed the gag. Both of us realized that the least sign of recognition probably would mean instant death for both of us. Although Leander had overheard every word that had been spoken and doubtless understood enough to know that I was condemned to death, not a sign of emotion appeared in his face.

"White man," said Joseph, "we have learned that you spoke with a straight tongue to Looking-glass. You told him that the Bannocks and the Shoshones meant to do us harm; they have proved it. While seven of them hide in the brush one comes to us, pretending that he is alone. Because you have spoken truth you may take what belongs to you and go." The other leaders instantly objected, but Joseph was firm.

"Three of the horses that Looking-glass took from the Bannocks belong to me," said Leander.

"Take them," replied Joseph.

Looking-glass and Too-hul-hul-suit protested violently, but Joseph would not yield. Leander was free to go. The Indians unbound him and stood aside.

For the sake of the cause for which we had worked so hard he must pass me without even a farewell look. Strive as I would to fight it, a feeling of unutterable loneliness settled over me. I would gladly have forfeited the few short, precious hours that remained to me if I could have pressed the hand of the old mountaineer just once in farewell. But we had achieved our object, the disruption of the Indian confederation, and one of us must pay the penalty.

Leander strode past without looking in my direction, but at the door he turned and faced Chief Joseph. "This young Shoshone you have sentenced to death is one of two who once stole my horses," he said—which was literally true; he himself had been the other. "I have no wish to oppose the sentence that the Nez Percé has rendered; it is just. But I ask that you give me the privilege of naming the manner of his death."

Chief Joseph was frankly puzzled at such unexpected vindictiveness from a white man. While he stood lost in thought Too-hul-hul-suit, who was displeased at Joseph's tender-heartedness, eagerly demanded what manner of death for me the white man proposed.

"You have heard of the Mazeppa ride?" Leander inquired, referring to a method of execution common to many of the plains tribes. "Among the horses that belong to me is one, the sorrel, that no one can ride; the best riders among your young men have tried and failed. Let us then place this dog of a Shoshone upon the sorrel's back and tie him fast. The horse will buck and run with him until he is jolted to death or his bones are crushed as the horse runs through the timber."

All of the Indians except Joseph whooped in approval of the cold-blooded proposal. Joseph hesitated for a long time. Obviously he wanted to save me from any form of torture. Once he looked at me, but I had to keep my face averted lest he should misinterpret the anxiety that I could not conceal, and should refuse Leander's request. Then he turned to the mountaineer, and a long look passed between them. "Your request is granted," he said.

Looking-glass and Whitebird dragged me unceremoniously outside, and the word quickly spread that I was to be given the Mazeppa ride on the sorrel outlaw. In five minutes every soul in the village except Chief Joseph himself was present to witness the rare sport.

Our horses were brought up; Brogan was among them, for the little old buckskin had naturally wandered to his friends. I saw a gleam of pleasure in the old mountaineer's eyes as he saw him and claimed ownership.

Remorse was strangely quiet as the Indians lifted me and lashed me upon him, but they attributed his quietness to the influence of Leander, who was holding his head and talking to him soothingly. Nevertheless, the poor animal was trembling like a falling leaf.

Finally when the Indians had tied me to their own satisfaction Leander released Remorse. The old sorrel outlaw rose like a rocket and came down, bucking and squealing with terror. Had it not been for the ropes I surely should have been thrown. In the savage uproar that the enthusiastic Indians made my pleadings to him were lost. Whack! Whack! I heard the blows of Leander's rope descend upon Remorse's rump in rapid succession. The blows seemed to straighten him out, for he suddenly stopped

bucking and began to run—run as he had never run before! Behind, Leander, who had mounted Singer, was urging him to his best speed, and kept up an unceasing tattoo.

The chorus of delighted yells diminished until there was only an occasional yelp from a few young bucks who had followed in the hope of seeing the finish. Gradually our horses pulled ahead until the last Nez Percé was far behind. Because of the position in which I was tied I was suffering considerably of course, and I was more than glad when in the bottom of a gulch I heard the swish of Leander's rope and saw it settle round Remorse's neck. After much difficulty Leander brought the frightened horse to a standstill and swiftly cut me loose.

Irish, the inseparable companion of Remorse, had kept up with us, but Brogan was nowhere in sight. Presently, however, we heard a familiar whinny, and the buckskin burst into sight; his little short legs were fairly flying as he threw the trail behind him, and the sweat was rolling from him in streams. He had had enough of disquieting Indian camps and apparently was determined never to be left again. I mounted Irish, and we proceeded on down the Clearwater.

Leander explained to me how he had managed to arrive before either Buffalo Horn or me. The morning I had parted with him he had come upon Brogan trying to find us. When I had failed to return with the horses he had followed me and soon learned that I was a prisoner of the Sheepstealers. While he was scrutinizing the village to find a way to aid me he had witnessed my sensational escape. Then he had followed me on foot until he met the two Sheepstealers whom I had tied back to back trying to return to the village. He laughed as he told of the antics that they were performing. Knowing that I would have to go on with the three horses, he had returned to Brogan and in doing so had been lucky enough to chance upon another trail that the Sheepstealers used; it cut off a great deal of distance, so much in fact that he had been able to strike the main trail ahead of Buffalo Horn. Of course he had thought that I could not possibly beat the Indians to the Clearwater; so, on seeing Chief Looking-glass with a small party of warriors, he had approached them and convinced Looking-glass that Buffalo Horn's real object was to spy upon the Nez Percés for the whites and to steal their horses. Therefore just before the big storm Looking-glass had stolen Buffalo Horn's horses and had taken them and Leander to the main village across the Clearwater. As for Brogan, he had strayed away as usual, and Looking-glass in his haste to cross the river before it became too high had refused to look for him—a circumstance that undeniably had saved our lives. The life of neither of us would have been worth a penny had I not arrived at the Nez Percé village ahead of Buffalo Horn.

"Have we really succeeded?" I asked.

"We have. In the morning Chief Joseph will be on his way to Lolo Pass. He intends to shake the dust of the United States from his feet and go to Canada. It's too bad, for he's one decent Indian. If he hadn't seen that I wanted to give you the Mazeppa ride to get you away, he'd never have allowed me to do it."

That night we came upon one of General Howard's scouting parties. On hearing our story the captain who was in charge crossed the Clearwater and rounded up Buffalo Horn and the rest of his Indians.

We journeyed on to General Howard's camp, where we enlisted as scouts against Chief Joseph. Thus it was that we were to follow the Indian Napoleon over that historic retreat of thirteen hundred miles in which, burdened as he was with his camp equipage, old men, women and children, he kept ahead of the soldiers until he finally surrendered in the Bear Paw Mountains—almost within sight of his goal! An odd circumstance of the campaign was that Buffalo Horn, angered at the Nez Percés, also enlisted as a scout. Our relations with him as a fellow scout after he discovered our identity were rather exciting; but we were able to pay him back for all the trouble that he had caused us, for the following year he tried to form a confederation of his own, and we were instrumental in having the Umatilla Indians, whom he was trying to induce to join his confederation, capture him.

In 1879 we again set out to find our gold mine, but an uprising of our old enemies, the Sheepstealers, upset our plans. Not until the spring of 1880 were we able to continue the search for our gold mine.

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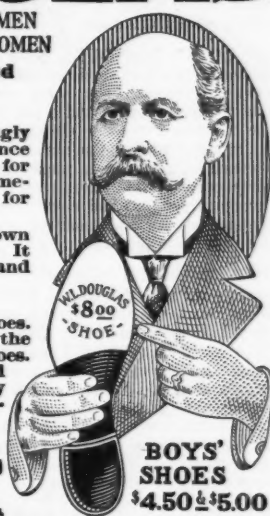
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FACT AND COMMENT

IF YOU WANT to have a friend, be one.

Give Womanhood and Childhood both their due;
The Lioness and Cubs are Lions too.

IF YOU WISH to accomplish great things, busy yourself with what the mediocre refer to as "mere details."

"THERE'S A GOOD DEAL of education for a young fellow in owning a share or two of dividend-paying stock," says the old citizen of Little Lot. "A dividend makes as interesting a lecture on economics as any professor can give."

THERE ARE SEVERAL engaging thoughts as to what the outcome of the widespread use of radio will be. Not the least pleasing of them is the idea that thousands of boys and girls will listen for an hour or more a day to a fair sort of spoken English, clearly enunciated. Youth is quick and imitative. Let us hope that on the waves of the ether may come lessons that will enlarge our vocabulary and improve our pronunciation.

DEPARTMENT STORES, concentrated in the heart of a big city, can be reached easily only by persons who ride in street cars. The woman of the suburbs who sets out in her small car to do a little shopping is likely to go to the place that she can reach with the least trouble. A large department store in a mid-Western city is going to abandon its downtown building and move out nearly two miles where there is less street traffic and plenty of parking space.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, being one of the centres of the live-stock industry, was naturally astonished when some one suggested that a sheep, a cow and a pig be placed in the municipal zoo so that school children might know what the animals look like. Later a census of sixth-grade pupils disclosed that forty per cent had never seen a sheep, that seventeen per cent had never seen a pig, and that twelve per cent knew what a cow looks like only from pictures.

A UNITED STATES district court judge in Boston recently denied the petition of two aliens to change their names respectively to the old American names of Parker and Stone. He directed that Adolph Papkevitz adopt the name Adolph Popkin and that Hyman Sorocovech become Hyman Soroko. After all, in more ways than one is a good name better than riches, and if through some hundreds of years a family has added good will to its trade-mark, the court should not give that mark lightly to whoever asks for it.

THE ISLE OF PINES, some forty miles south of Cuba and belonging to it, has become one of the most American communities on foreign soil. Cuban officials administer the government as a part of the province of Havana, but Americans own nearly all of the land and pay nearly all of the taxes. The island is about half the size of Long Island, New York. Grapefruit, lemon and pineapple plantations cover much of the area, and from the general atmosphere a visitor might imagine himself in Florida or California.

AT THE TESTING PLANTATION of the Department of Agriculture at Whitesbog, New Jersey, about twenty-five thousand hybrid blueberry plants have come to bearing. Many of them have produced berries three quarters of an inch in diameter, several four fifths of an inch, and one of them last year bore a berry that measured seven eighths of an inch. During the season of 1922 nearly a thousand

bushels of blueberries were picked on the Whitesbog plantation. They sold in the open market in New York for about seventy-five per cent more than wild blueberries.

UNION LABOR IN BANKING

THE extent to which labor organizations are going into banking is not generally known. It is only about three years since the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers established the first labor bank on a coöperative basis, but that organization now has several banks of the same type, all prosperous and growing. Its principal bank in Cleveland has assets of over \$15,000,000 and is about to put up a twenty-one-story building for the main offices of the institution. The railway trainmen and telegraphers are also establishing banks. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers own several banks. Ohio has chartered the Brotherhood Holding Company, an investment concern that is controlled by labor officials. Now the Locomotive Engineers have bought a considerable interest in the Empire Trust Company of New York, and directors named by them will meet at the council table some of the best-known bankers and capitalists of the city.

Nothing but good will has been expressed for all these ventures of labor in banking, unless we except the comments of some persons who do not believe in banking at all. Misunderstanding lies more often than ill will at the bottom of quarrels between capital and labor. Anything that helps either side to see the problems and to appreciate the difficulties of the other is a good thing. It is helpful for an owner or a director to have had some first-hand knowledge of the daily life of the workman and of the conditions under which he must make his way. It will also be instructive for labor to learn what are the functions of banking, why banks exist, and what things they must do to maintain their solvency. Banking is an open trade. No one will object to the labor banks' doing all the business they can do. But they will find that, if they are to keep alive and pay the legitimate demands upon them, they cannot employ methods materially different from those of sound institutions of an older type.

It is another interesting fact that some two million dollars of labor-union funds have recently been invested in coal lands in West Virginia and Kentucky. The plan is to mine the coal with union labor and to sell it below the ruling price, preferably to labor unionists. That again is an experiment in the coöperative management of business to which we wish well. There is, and there ought to be, no other requisites for going into business than a fair amount of capital or credit and a reasonable amount of brains.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

WHY do we of the United States have so unsavory a record both for the number of murders that are committed here and for the number that go unpunished? We have had a bad reputation in that respect for years, and we show no signs of being ashamed of it or of trying seriously to reform. In the past our misdeeds have been excused on the ground that the United States was, and always had been, a country with a long and more or less disorderly frontier; or on the ground that our population was heterogeneous, with no common standards of conduct; or on the ground that liquor was widely sold and consumed here. But our frontier has disappeared, our immigration is restricted, the sale of liquor is forbidden, and still we committed more murders in 1921 than ever before, and probably a smaller proportion of the murderers were caught or punished.

In twenty-eight of the largest cities in the country—cities that contain nearly one fifth of our entire population—there were in 1921 more than nine murders for every one hundred thousand inhabitants. That is almost twice as many as occurred twenty years ago, though even then the rate was so high as to put us below the other civilized nations. In some cities the number of murders is incredibly large. In Memphis it is more than fifty-six in the hundred thousand, yet Memphis is one of the few cities that in the last ten years have reduced the number of homicides.

Still more disturbing is the ease with which murderers escape detection, or, if detected, escape punishment. The statistics on that point are not so exact, but the condition is

notorious. Day after day the newspapers report murders for which no one is ever arrested, and when an indictment is found the chances are still against conviction. Juries will almost never find a woman guilty of murder, and they will accept all reasonable—and some unreasonable—excuses for acquitting a man. In New York in 1920 the number of convictions was about one to every ten murders. In the whole country the rate has been declared by the commission of inquiry of the American Bar Association to be as low as one conviction to every sixty-five murders. Across the border in Canada there is a conviction for every two or three murders. Why should there be that difference? Are Americans such lovers of violence, so careless of human life, so defiant of law, so sentimentally sympathetic with the man who revenges his injuries in blood?

One thing is certain: there is causal connection between our slackness in punishing crimes of violence and their increasing frequency. If our police ever begin to show energy and intelligence in tracking down murderers, if our criminal courts then endeavor to make the trial prompt and expeditious, and if our juries can be got to regard manslaughter for whatever cause, not as a mere pardonable eccentricity, but as a serious offense, the number of murders will immediately decrease. Until those conditions are fulfilled the improvement in the situation will be slow.

PRECISION AND COLOR

VOLTAIRE was not in all respects a model as a man, but he was one of the greatest writers who ever lived, and he said some admirable things about writing, one of which is that the two essentials of style are precision and color. The remark is the more interesting as coming from Voltaire because his own style, although marvelous in precision, is not notable for color. For color, we think first of the writer who was Voltaire's opposite in many ways, Shakespeare. Never has any other human being put together words with that sense of color, of high-wrought glow and glory, which abounded so fully and luxuriantly in the author of Hamlet.

And, you say, this is literature; it doesn't concern me. But it does; for there was never yet anything said about style that had not a bearing upon your speech and mine and so upon the most important thing in our lives—our relations with our fellow men. Precision and color are essentials of your daily talk, as they were of Voltaire's and Shakespeare's writings. As a matter of fact, most of us are tempted to put too much color into our speech and too little precision. We want to get our effect, to amuse, and startle, and persuade. For that purpose we color facts too highly, twist them, distort them, amplify them, let the rich or heavy brush of our imagination play over them, till the original tissue is quite disfigured out of its native substance. We all need to cultivate precision, a careful, slow, thoughtful accuracy of statement that leaves nothing to be corrected or regretted afterwards.

And yet color is the charm of speech. We may admire Voltaire, but we love Shakespeare. So too the persons whose talk we love are not always faultlessly precise, but have a quick, vivid, piquant way of putting things, which makes us remember them.

And color is the charm of life. Of course we must cultivate accuracy and correctness and propriety: they are quite indispensable. But what makes our spirits attractive to ourselves and to others is color, the wayward, the unexpected, the whimsical, the grace. Precision may be the foundation and beefy nourishment of life; but color is all that makes it worth living.

THE BRITISH DEBT AGREEMENT

ONE step, and a fairly long one, has been taken in settling the vexed question of the debts that the European nations of the alliance owe to the United States. The recent conference at Washington between the British Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President's debt commission resulted in a form of agreement proposed by the Americans and accepted promptly by the British Cabinet.

That agreement recognizes and confirms the right of the United States to the collection in full of the debt that Great Britain owes to it and fixes the interest to be paid at three per cent for ten years and thereafter

at three and a half—rates that would have been considered as ample in the days before the war, but that are considerably lower than the rate governments have had to pay on their loans during recent years.

It is necessary to submit the agreement to Congress, for a few months ago Congress passed a bill, which the President signed, providing that the war debts should not be funded for a period of more than twenty-five years or at an interest rate of less than four and a quarter per cent. The new arrangement not only reduces the interest but permits the debt to be funded in securities some of which may run for as long as sixty-two years. At the moment of writing Congress has not acted. It is the general opinion in Washington that it will accept the agreement, but not without a struggle on the part of those who do not want to make any concessions to our foreign debtors. It is the opinion of the President's commission that Great Britain could not find the money to pay its debt on the terms proposed in the act of Congress without condemning millions of British workmen to penury, or else so upsetting normal trade relations as to threaten our own industry with insufficient employment. Moreover, since there is no prospect that we shall get back for a long time if at all what we lent to France and Italy, it is good sense to offer terms that our only solvent debtor can be expected to meet.

The government is eager to get this British debt off its books. According to the plan, if it is accepted, the British government will turn over these long-term bonds to the United States Treasury, and the Treasury in turn will sell the bonds in the open market to private investors as opportunity offers. When the entire debt is thus placed in the hands of private citizens the arrangement will be more satisfactory to both countries concerned. International relations are always likely to be complicated in an undesirable way when two national governments sustain to each other the relation of debtor and creditor.

WHAT THE CLIMBERS OF EVEREST LEARNED

MR. GEORGE LEIGH MALLORY, one of the men who took part in the daring attempt to reach the summit of Mount Everest last summer, is now in the United States. Mr. Mallory has a great deal that is interesting to tell us about the experiences that he and his companions had on the slopes of the highest mountain in the world, and he is sanguine that efforts to scale the summit will eventually succeed.

The climbing party last summer reached a height of 27,300 feet, which was only about 1700 feet short of the top. The remaining distance did not offer any special difficulties in mountaineering. The slope was not too steep, and the footing in the snow was fairly good; but the extreme rarity of the atmosphere at such a height makes every step a task of tremendous difficulty. You have to take a prolonged and deep breath before each step, and that step exhausts you. The winds at such an elevation are often if not usually strong, and the human body, weakened by the inadequate supply of oxygen, cannot face them long.

Mr. Mallory adds that the intense sunlight seems to have a singularly debilitating effect. The rays of the sun, here tempered by no considerable blanket of air, strike fiercely, and the ultra-violet rays, the force of which is considerably reduced in a dense atmosphere, have their full effect at high altitudes. No one knows exactly why the sunlight is so enervating, but it is probably because of some physiological action of the chemical rays against which the atmosphere normally protects the body. Of course the air is always cold at 27,000 feet, often below zero, and the contrast between the cold of those parts that are not exposed to the sun and the heat of those parts on which the light strikes is another cause of discomfort and perhaps of debilitation.

Some of the climbers last summer carried tanks of oxygen on their backs on which they could draw in time of need. Others did not. Those who were artificially supported by oxygen got only 250 feet higher than those who breathed the natural air; they had the bother of carrying the extra weight of the tanks, and exhaustion affected them more severely than it affected the others. Nevertheless, Mr. Mallory thinks that the tanks are useful, and that a party can always get a little higher with them than without them.

It is interesting to know that the climbers at the last lived chiefly on candy and other forms of sugar. That is the best quick fuel for producing muscular energy. The climber cannot spare the bodily heat and the physiological effort that would be required to digest meat or bread. Sugar also has a distinct stimulating effect that is helpful. At the highest altitudes you cannot get much water to drink. You cannot stop often to melt snow, and if you eat much snow it upsets the stomach and chills the entire system.

Mr. Mallory says that mere existence at altitudes above 20,000 feet, even without hard exertion, is difficult. It leads to nervous irritability, to disturbances of the circulation and to a sort of starvation of the cells of the body. Nevertheless, there is an extraordinary fascination about mountaineering at high altitudes, as there is about almost every struggle with the hostile powers of nature. The next expedition is planned for the spring and early summer of 1924, and preparations for it are already under way.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

The reader interested in athletics will be well served by THE COMPANION during the spring months. In the March Boys' Page will appear

Creating a Baseball Team,
a practical and timely article, and in the April page

Tactics in Tennis
with thirteen "don'ts" of conspicuous value to young players. In April also will be printed

Arthur Stanwood Pier's
spirited essay on tennis, and in May

Ralph D. Paine's
lively account of college rowing

CURRENT EVENTS

SENATOR COUZENS of Michigan thinks that the government will eventually have to own the railways, although he says that he himself would prefer private ownership if it worked better. He does not think that government operation would necessarily follow government ownership. Apparently his idea is that the roads be leased to private operating companies in order to reduce political interference with the actual management of the roads to the lowest terms. The issue is one that slumbers but that never really dies. The shopmen's strike against the Labor Board's ruling did not help the cause with the ordinary citizen, for the chief thing that interests him in the proposal of government ownership is the promise that strikes and disturbances of transportation will then be less common.

IN spite of the fact that post-office book-keeping takes no account of expenses for building or maintaining post offices or of interest and taxes the postal deficit for the last fiscal year is about sixty million dollars. As a business the post office has next to no "overhead," yet it never succeeds in getting back the cost of the service it provides. It is the general opinion that a large part of the deficit, if not almost all of it, is the result of insufficient revenue from the parcel-post branch, which now handles almost sixty-five per cent of all the postal business. The proper rates for that service have never been carefully and scientifically worked out. Since by its great bulk the parcel-post mail necessarily impedes and delays the handling and delivery of first-class mail, it should at least be made to pay its own way.

AMONG the suggested amendments to the Constitution that spring up like mushrooms in wet weather is one proposed by Senator Capper of Kansas. He wants the Constitution to give supreme control of marriage

and divorce to the national Congress; then he will propose a uniform marriage and divorce act. The diversity of laws governing those important human relations in the different states gives frequent cause for criticism and some occasion for scandal. Nevertheless it is a matter that seems to be properly reserved to the states—if any such matters any longer exist. The very differences among the state laws on divorce show how difficult it would be to pass an act that would unite public opinion in its support. It is unfashionable now to defend the legislative independence of the states; it is an era of centralization and not of vigorous local self-government. But it seems probable that the control of marriage will be among the last functions that the states will surrender.

THE campaign of senseless destruction of private houses, to which the cause of De Valera's party in Ireland seems now to be reduced, flourishes in spite of every effort at repressing it. There is no evidence of any intelligent discrimination in the use of the bomb and the torch. If there is any man in Ireland who deserves well of his native land, it is Sir Horace Plunkett, yet his house at Foxrock near Dublin has been blown up. Scores of houses belonging to citizens who have done nothing to deserve the enmity of the irregulars have been destroyed. It is unblushing terrorism, but there is no evidence that it is shaking the determination of the Free State supporters.

THE President has encouraged us by reporting that according to present indications the deficit of \$698,000,000 that was anticipated for the fiscal year of 1922-1923 will be no more than \$92,000,000 and may be wiped out altogether. The budget law, though it has not accomplished everything that was expected of it, has had an excellent effect in keeping Congressional appropriations within bounds, and it is due to Secretary Mellon to say that his administration of the Treasury has been extraordinarily capable. If the government succeeds in balancing its budget when June 30 comes, it will be the first time that it has done it since 1916.

WE spoke recently of the Wilson Fund, raised by admirers of ex-President Woodrow Wilson to furnish awards for meritorious service in the cause of peace and international friendliness. There is also a Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Association, which has in hand a fund of \$1,837,353. The association means to maintain a memorial park at Oyster Bay, to equip and maintain a library and a museum in the old Roosevelt house in East Twentieth Street, New York, and to erect a monumental memorial in Washington.

THE discussion of Mr. Ford's offer for the uncompleted dams and power plants at Muscle Shoals still continues. A good many persons of eminence advise its acceptance, especially if no one offers better terms. But there are others who think that the Ford offer is altogether inadequate, or who maintain that it is in defiance of the provisions of the national water-power act, which was passed to conserve the benefits of existing water powers for the public. A committee that was formed for the defense of that act has protested to Congress against the Ford offer; the committee includes such well-known men as Mr. Henry L. Stimson and Mr. Newton D. Baker, former Secretaries of War, Mr. James R. Garfield, former Secretary of the Interior, Mr. David F. Houston, former Secretary of Agriculture and of the Treasury, Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania and Governor Parker of Louisiana, former Governor Allen of Kansas and Mr. Henry S. Graves, long chief forester.

THE tolls taken in at the Panama Canal continue to increase; for the month of January they amounted to \$1,500,000. The growing use of the canal and the mounting returns from its operation are causing a revival of the suggestion for another inter-oceanic canal across Central America. It is the belief in Washington that before long the Panama tolls will be sufficient to finance the building of a second canal. Some engineers would favor the construction of the new canal across the Isthmus of Panama; others prefer the route through Lake Nicaragua. The United States government possesses treaty rights over both routes.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE SECRET By Helen Cowles LeCron

"Where did they come from?" said Peter to Jane.
"Easter Eggs yellow and white,
Scarlet and purple and spotted? It's plain
Somebody left them last night!"

The brown Easter Bunny that sat on the shelf
Was silent as silent could be,
But did I just dream that he smiled to himself?
I thought so, but couldn't quite see!



THE CAVE OF THE COLORED EGGS

By Daisy D. Stephenson

WHEN Rose came to grandfather's just before Easter she felt lonesome. Her mother was traveling miles away and would not be home for a month; but she began to feel happier when she remembered the six little Crane children who lived in the pine cabin on grandfather's place. She had played with them on her last visit. But before she and grandfather had driven half of the way home she learned that the Cranes had moved away.

"I'm sorry, Rosebud," grandfather said kindly, "but there isn't a youngster within three miles. Can't you get along with making the pets happy? There are some new kittens, a red calf, a brown colt and Bobby Burns. Your Aunt Sara and I will do our best to make things lively." Bobby Burns was the beautiful collie that was frisking ahead of the carriage.

"Oh, that's all right!" Rose assured him cheerfully.

But, although she really had a lovely time with the friendly pets, and although auntie cooked all of the good things that children like to eat, Rose secretly longed for a play-mate.

"There is a little boy over that steep rocky hill," Aunt Sara told her one day. "I've seen him only once. His father goes to work in the woods, and Paul goes with him most of the time!"

"Then he can't play with me," sighed Rose to herself.

But she forgot her disappointment when her aunt said that there was an Easter surprise hidden somewhere outdoors and that she must keep her eyes open for it when she had gathered the eggs.

"She didn't give me a hint, so I don't know 'when I'm hot and when I'm cold,'" laughed Rose, as she danced away in the early spring sunshine. She patted Bobby Burns, who was going to help her hunt the surprise, and enjoyed picking the fuzzy lavender hepaticas that peeped up in spite of the snow.

"Let's pretend we're seeking a new country," she said to Bobby. "Oh, but this is a big hill! I never saw so many rocks in my life." Rose stopped to look at the farm buildings spread out below. "Why," she cried suddenly, "there's a big crack in that rock! Let's look in!"

The crack was a narrow gate that opened into an archway of rock. Bobby Burns and Rose entered curiously. "If it isn't a little cave!" said Rose in delight. "A cosy one we could keep house in. What's this?"

In one corner she spied a sort of nest made of alfalfa, and Bobby was sniffing at the contents. Rose was down beside him in a moment to examine the treasures in the nest. There were four beautiful Easter eggs,—pink and blue and yellow and lavender,—and every one was marked with an "R."

"Oh," said Rose, "wasn't it dear of auntie to climb up here to hide my surprise? How did she guess that we'd come exploring?"

She picked up the four eggs and put them carefully into her pocket. Then she started down the hill.

At the chicken-yard gate she found Aunt Sara, who looked anxious. When Rose showed her the eggs and thanked her, Aunt Sara was plainly puzzled. "But you haven't found my surprise!" she said. "I have no idea who hid those in the cave."

"Then I walked off with somebody else's eggs! Shall I take them back?" asked Rose.

It was decided that after dinner she should return the eggs to the cave. Meanwhile she and Bobby explored the corral, and in a warm corner of a shed she found a covered basket. Inside were a dozen cheeping downy yellow chicks, her Easter surprise.

When Rose again climbed the hill she thought she heard voices, and, walking softly



WHAT THE RABBITS THOUGHT

By Jasper Lewis

Mrs. Biddy made a nest,
Rushes ringed around it;
When she wandered off for food
Mrs. Bunny found it.

Mrs. Bunny leapt for joy,
Called, and every cunning
Little rabbit girl and boy
Skipping came and running.

"Roll the eggs to me, my dears,"
Mother Rabbit told them.
Carefully, with flopping ears,
Tenderly, they rolled them.

Oh, the artist that she was
With her paints and brushes!
Deftly did she color eggs
Down among the rushes.

Made them blue and green and gold,
Lettered, banded, spotted,

Pink and purple, red and brown,
Striped and polka-dotted.

When she'd dried them every one,
Polished well and brushed them,
Rabbits moved them to the nest;
Tenderly they pushed them.

Biddy raised an awful row,
Squawked and scolded loudly.
"She will thank us later on,"
Mother Bun said proudly.

Little bunnies smirked and smiled;
All their ears were floppy.
"She will bless our hearts!" they sang,
Running hippy-hoppy.

Mother Bunny praised their tricks;
Well the day's work pleased her.
"Think," she said, "what lovely chicks
Will be hatched this Easter!"



round the big rock, she nearly stumbled over a boy and a girl at the mouth of the cave.

"Are you Paul?" asked Rose.

The boy nodded and then his eyes fell on the basket. "Did you get them?" he asked. Rose explained. "I'm so sorry. I thought that Aunt Sara had hidden them for me when I saw the initial."

The little girl laughed. "He hid them for me. I'm his cousin Ruth and I came for Easter." But she insisted that Rose share the pretty eggs with her.

"Come home with me," Rose invited her.

Half an hour later the children were playing with the pets while Aunt Sara prepared a real Easter tea party with candy rabbits.

"Isn't it fine that we found each other," said Ruth, "for now we can play together." "Yes, in the Cave of the Colored Eggs," laughed Rose.

THE TENANTS

By Carrie Belle Boyden

EARLY in March one year the weather turned so warm that Grandfather Whiting declared he had caught spring fever—the kind that puts people in a fidget to go out and plant something.

"Hey, Marjorie and Edmund!" he called. "Look in the old desk and see if you can

IT HAPPENED IN A STORE

By Helen Cowles LeCron

Said the cunning Easter Chicken to the cuddly Easter Bunny,
"When the children come to see us it is really very funny
That they ever look at you, sir, since I'm told they all prefer
A toy with soft warm feathers to a toy with soft warm fur!"

Said the cuddly Easter Bunny to the tiny Easter Chick,
"Your silly chicken language is enough to make me sick!
Why, the very finest feathers in the world are not so fine
As a coat that's made for cuddling out of soft warm fur like mine!"

Goodness knows what would have happened if a certain little boy
Hadden't seen them there that moment and with one loud whoop of joy
Hadden't seized them, calling loudly, "Mother, let me have my money,
'Cause I want this cunning Chicken and this cuddly Easter Bunny!"

find some garden seeds left over from last year. I'm going a-digging."

The children scampered into the entry to rummage in the old desk, and a few minutes later grandfather went out to the woodshed to get his hoe and to put on an old work coat that hung there behind the door.

"We've found lettuce and carrot seeds," he heard Edmund shouting presently.

"And flower seeds too," Marjorie cried. "Nasturtiums and sweet peas. Where are you, grandfather?"

"In the woodshed," was the reply. "Come here, both of you."

Edmund and Marjorie found him standing in the shed, wearing the old coat.

"I shall have to get a new coat," he said as he looked at them with a queer expression.

"Why?" asked Edmund. "That's the one you always do your digging in."

"But it belongs to some one else now," said grandfather.

The two children were puzzled; who could want grandfather's old garden coat? Grandfather shook his head slowly. He pulled the coat off very gently and, walking over to the door, hung it carefully on the nail again. "No, sir-ee," he said, "I shall not have any rights in that coat for some time; it has been rented for the season."

"Grandfather, grandfather, what do you mean?" Marjorie cried.

Grandfather lowered his voice almost to a whisper. "Come here," he said, "and I will show you."

The two children moved over softly and stood beside him with puzzled faces. Grandfather gently took hold of the edge of the pocket. "Peep in," he said.

Edmund and Marjorie stood on their tiptoes and peered into the dark hole that the pocket made. As they gazed they began to smile, for there in the pocket was a little nest of twigs and grasses with six speckled eggs in it.

"Come on," said grandfather, "let's go out to the garden and watch for the mother bird."

They did not have to wait long. In fact as they went out they saw a little brown bird hopping nervously round not many yards off. As soon as the watchers were far enough away she flew into the shed. Evidently she was satisfied with what she found, for she did not come out again.

"It is a house wren, isn't it, grandfather?" asked Edmund.

Grandfather nodded. "And an excellent tenant she'll make," he added.

As the days went by Marjorie and Edmund watched eagerly for the little birds

to appear. The father bird was always on hand; they came to know him and the mother bird very well indeed; but they were impatient to see the rest of the family.

At last their patience was rewarded. One fine morning they found the two parent birds in a great flutter. Some time later the children stole into the shed and found that, as they expected, grandfather's "tenant house" had six more tenants.

"Well, I shall not raise the rent," grandfather said when they told him the news.

For several weeks the brother and the sister kept an eye on the little family in the shed. They watched the comings and goings of the two parents, listened to the clamor of the youngsters when mealtime came and took heed of other domestic doings. Later they sometimes caught a glimpse of interesting lessons in flying. The Wren family did not seem to regard them as strangers and were cordial and friendly.

But at length a day came when Marjorie and Edmund found the nest empty. "Never mind," grandfather said. "When spring comes again you know what you may find?"

So he left the old coat hanging on the nail behind the door, and sure enough, when March was well under way the following year, back came Mr. and Mrs. Wren and raised another family.

MOON WISHES

By Grace Stone Field

The daytime moon has a shadowy face
Like a silvery shred of paper lace,
And through it shows the blue, blue sky
Where the cockleshell clouds go sailing by.

I'd like to go up in a big balloon
Or an aeroplane to the daytime moon!

The nighttime moon is shiny and bright—
A gull's wing, supple and curved and white;
But it grows and grows to a great round ball,
Then it isn't a white gull's wing at all.

I wish and wish that the nighttime moon
Would float to the earth like a big balloon!

CLEVER BROWNIE

By Alma M. Horn



ONCE upon a time there was a big dog named Brownie, who lived in the house with aunt and uncle and grandmother, and always took good care of them. Once in the middle of the night Brownie woke up, and he was so cold! He tried to creep under his soft rug, but he didn't know how.

Then he walked out from under the stairs where he had been sleeping into the living room, where he thought he could get warm by the fireplace. But he couldn't get warm by the fireplace because there wasn't any fire there. And he couldn't build any fire there because he didn't know how. And he was so cold!

Then he walked out of the living room into the kitchen, where he thought he could get warm by the kitchen stove. But he couldn't get warm by the kitchen stove because there wasn't any fire there. And he couldn't build any fire there because he didn't know how. And he was so cold!

Then he walked upstairs and pushed open the door to grandmother's room and walked in so cold, and looked anxiously for something to warm him.

Now grandmother was a very small grandmother and needed only the least corner of her blankets to cover her all up. The rest hung away down on the floor and under her bed. So, when Brownie came creeping along under the bed, so cold, and found those warm blankets there he just rolled up in them and went to sleep, so comfortable!

And he slept so soundly that he did not wake up in the morning when grandmother and aunt and aunt got up and dressed and went downstairs.

"Where is Brownie?" asked grandmother. And, "Where is Brownie?" asked uncle and aunt. But no one knew, and no one could find him, under the stairs or by the living-room fireplace or by the kitchen stove, for he was not in any of those places. Uncle was so worried that he ate only one egg for breakfast.

When uncle had gone to work aunt and grandmother washed the dishes and then went upstairs to make the beds. First they

made uncle and aunt's bed, and then they went into grandmother's room.

The blankets of grandmother's bed were hanging away down on one side on the floor and under the bed. Aunt took hold of the blankets to pick them up, and they were so heavy that she gave a great big pull, and out rolled Brownie! They were so surprised! And they laughed so hard!

Then they took Brownie downstairs for his breakfast by the warm kitchen stove. He had some bread and some milk and the fried egg that uncle didn't eat.

And they were all so happy!

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

By Eva M. Carroll

MARY ANN was a little girl who lived in the shabbiest cottage on Maple Street, but it was a very neat cottage, and Mary Ann was a neat little girl. For her playthings she had a few toys and books, of which she took excellent care, but most of the time she had to work hard. Her mother was not strong, and Mary Ann often got up before daylight to help her with breakfast.

This morning was Mary Ann's birthday. While she was busy helping her mother cook the breakfast she paused a moment before the kitchen window to look out at the morning sky.

"How lovely!" she cried, and then she thought: "Today is my birthday, and I wish that some one would give me a present as beautiful as the sky before sunrise."

She turned away from the window and began to set the table for breakfast. "Aunt Hattie," she was thinking, "always gives me a birthday present, but it is nearly always something useful—a gingham dress or a cook apron, or something like that." And then she began to think about what she should like to have: "A piece of pink hair ribbon, a beautiful storybook with ever so many colored pictures—and, oh, a great number of lovely things." But she was a little ashamed of herself for feeling dissatisfied with what Aunt Hattie would probably give her. Of course she did appreciate useful gifts; but just this once she wanted something beautiful.

About noon Aunt Hattie came, and in her hand was a package. She opened it presently. It was not a present at all, but only some embroidery that she had brought along to work on during the afternoon.

After a short time she said, "Mary Ann, I bought a little present for you this morning and asked them to send it out from the store. It should be here soon."

"How sweet of you, Aunt Hattie," said Mary Ann.

In the afternoon while the little girl was playing in the small yard in front of the house a boy rode up on a bicycle and handed her a package with her name written on it.

"Oh, this is my present!" she cried in delight and began to open it at once. When she saw what it contained, she cried, "Oh!" again, but this time not from happiness, but from disappointment. And such disappointment!

Then she carefully tied the package again and went to her own little room, where she sat down and cried. "How could Aunt Hattie have bought me such a present!" she sobbed. "How could she have thought of such homely things!"

Presently she sat up and dried her eyes. "I must not act this way," she said to herself. "If anyone is kind enough to give me a present, I must thank her for it, no matter what it is."

As soon as the tears were all gone from her eyes she went into her mother's room. Aunt Hattie was still embroidering the table cover.

"Aunt Hattie," the little girl began, trying bravely not to cry, "thank you for the onions. Mother or I will make a cream dressing for them, and we shall all enjoy them for supper."

"You thank me for what, child?" exclaimed Aunt Hattie in amazement. And then she laughed heartily. "Not onions, Mary Ann," she said; "hyacinths."

"Hyacinths!" cried Mary Ann. "Is that what they are? Oh, how wonderful! And I can have a beautiful flower bed all my own!"

And when the spring came the lovely blossoms of the hyacinths were enough to delight any little girl. People passing in the street often stopped to look at the beautiful flowers. "See that delicate pink one," said a lady who passed one day; "it is as beautiful as the sky before sunrise."

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A CALENDAR OF THRIFT



*The winds of March
their trumpets blare;
Now put your clothes
in good repair,
Rub out the spot and
mend the rift,
For keeping things in
shape is thrift!*

Arthur Guiterman



TIM O'BRIEN

IF the worst of sinners should end his life with a great and noble deed, will the Almighty forgive him? That was the theme of conversation of two old men who had just discussed the story of Tim O'Brien.

Many years ago Tim settled with his little family in a log cabin in the southern part of Ohio. Soon afterwards he got work in a distillery—an unfortunate thing, for love of strong drink was Tim's weak point. So it was not long before he was discharged. Then matters went from bad to worse until his little family in the log cabin, half starved, half clothed and freezing, gave way to a prevailing epidemic and were carried off one by one. Tim was the only member left.

The poor fellow had learned his lesson. He left the neighborhood of the distillery and went to a little village in northern Ohio where whiskey was scarce. There he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith. His genial nature and ready joke soon made him many friends, and when he started his own forge his shop was the most popular for miles round.

One day as he was shoeing a vicious horse he was kicked insensible. The owner of the animal hurriedly fetched the doctor, who administered a dose of whiskey. The fiery stuff revived poor Tim, but it also revived the love of drink in him. Not long after his accident he was dead drunk and remained so for more than a week.

The following Sunday he walked, not too steadily, toward the little village church, which was also the schoolhouse. Dog days had almost passed, but the weather was hot and sultry; all the windows were flung wide open—the door had long before fallen from its rusty hinges. While the preacher droned out his sermon certain vagrants of the feathered tribe walked aimlessly in and out of the doorway, pecked at the buttons of the people's shoes, held tournaments in the aisles and even stood on the window sill and crowed. Tim stumbled into the room and seated himself on a back bench.

He had almost fallen asleep when a wild cry sounded outside. He sprang to his feet. Not two hundred feet away and running straight for the door came a large mastiff, mad! White froth was streaming from its mouth, and its bloodshot, bulging eyes were glaring. Frantic cries rose in the church.

"Keep quiet!" roared Tim. "I'll take care of the dog!"

Then he rushed at the brute. Over and over the two rolled, and for five awful minutes no one could tell which was winning. Then Tim rose; his neck and face were lacerated and his clothes were in rags. But the dog that might have caused the death of many lay dead.

Tim spent that night in forging a great chain, with which he fastened himself to his anvil. He suffered untold tortures before death took him, but today the old people love to talk of his courage.

WHAT IS AN AIMER?

"YOU'RE an aimer!" Ted cried scornfully. "I'm not an aimer!" Sallie retorted hotly. "Just because I hate mathematics isn't anything; think of the fuss you make over English! Because you hate a thing isn't being an aimer!"

The debate was too much for their Uncle Jack. He strolled out on the piazza and stood looking down at them with quizzical eyes. "You've got me guessing," he said. "I can't restrain my curiosity any longer. This is the third time I've heard that word. I've tried to figure out whether it's a germ or a new party, but I'll have to admit I'm baffled. What is an aimer?"

Sallie giggled and Ted looked embarrassed. "You tell," he said to her.

"No, you," Sallie protested. "Suppose I umpire," Uncle Jack suggested. "Ladies first."

Ted chuckled. So did Sallie; her tempers were always flashes that were over in a moment. "All

right," she conceded. "Anyhow I'm not an aimer, Ted Rolf! You see," she explained to her uncle, "we heard a speaker at school on Lincoln's birthday; we were angry when we saw him—well, not angry exactly, but disappointed. You see, we were to have had a Congressman, and they sent us an old minister! But when he got up to speak we felt so ashamed! For he apologized for coming to speak to us when he was so old. But he went on to tell us why he had come—because he had really talked with Lincoln once! His father took him to the White House when he was a boy, and Lincoln shook hands with him and asked him if he owned a dog and seemed just as interested when he said he did.

"Then the speaker went on and talked about Lincoln and about what he had to do for America and how he never once said he couldn't. And then he said that Americans might be divided into two classes—those who had a right only to the first part of the name and those who added the last four letters whenever any duty came up—I can. And he says whenever he sees the advertisement of a can company he thinks that's just what America ought to be—a 'can' company every member of which has the will to do things! So Ted and I called it being aimers—like people who only pretend to shoot and don't really do it—when we quit on a job. I guess I haven't explained it very well."

"On the contrary, you've made it exceedingly clear," Uncle Jack replied. "It's great stuff!"

AND NOW A STAR MOTOR

HOW great is man! He has harnessed wind and water; he has turned fire to his purpose; he has made a friend of lightning and of the sun. Now he has reached out to the distant stars, and they, too, have yielded to his magic. Dr. W. W. Coblentz, an American man of science, has invented a motor driven by starlight. The instrument, says Miss May Tevis in the Mentor, is thought to be the most delicate in existence. Dr. Coblentz spent fifteen years in making it.

The star motor operates by means of a thermocouple, or thermoelectric couple, in a vacuum tube. The mechanism consists of two conducting materials, usually two strips of wires of different metal joined at the ends. When there is a difference in temperature, no matter how slight, a current of electricity is generated, the strength of which a sensitive galvanometer can measure.

Dr. Coblentz's apparatus is so delicate that it can detect a current of only one billionth of an ampere. That is to say, it is possible to measure the heat given off by the most distant stars by means of the current generated in the thermocouple. That is amazing when we realize that, if the heat from a certain nebula, composed of one hundred and five stars removed many hundreds of millions of miles from the earth, were concentrated upon sixty drops of water for one hundred years, the temperature of the water would be raised no more than one degree Fahrenheit!

With the star motor are a number of ingenious screens with which the observer is able to sift out any particular rays that he wishes to study. The remarkable motor has been mounted on the great Crossley reflector of the telescope at the James Lick Observatory, on the crest of Mount Hamilton, near San Jose, California.

JIM CROW'S LOVE AFFAIR

HENRY had caught a crow, which he named Jim. The previous summer the boy had found a hawk and, bringing him home, had clipped a wing. Jim, one of whose wings was clipped also, began gradually to form a decided affection for Buzzy, as the hawk was called. But Buzzy was not interested.

About half past five one afternoon when the heat had become less intense Henry and I happened to be in the front yard when a scuffling sound attracted our attention, and we saw Buzzy coming round the house, making for the fountain. His progress was like that of an eagle—short, crouching runs with wings outspread. About seven feet behind him came Jim, not walking or running or hopping in approved crow fashion—oh, no; he also was making short, crouching runs with outspread wings.

Reaching the fountain, Buzzy paused a moment and then with dignity stepped in and bathed. Jim stood at a respectful distance, watching every movement, and when Buzzy stepped out and walked away without once glancing in the crow's direction, Jim hopped into the water and proceeded to bathe in exactly the way the hawk had done, though he did it self-consciously and awkwardly. He stayed in the water about as long as Buzzy had stayed; then out he hopped and with the affected runs and wing spreads was off after his beloved idol.

The next day a still more ridiculous thing happened. Buzzy was squatting on the top rail of the fence, slumped down in a discouraged attitude and looking off toward the Rocky Mountains, and Jim was on the ground, tilting his head and looking up at him. Suddenly the crow began to climb the fence; but his efforts with bill, claws and flapping wings did not cause Buzzy to move an eyelid. Once on the top rail, Jim sidled to within a few inches of the hawk and turned up his head to gaze at him. Buzzy did not move. Then Jim drew nearer and settled down at the hawk's side. Still Buzzy ignored him.

Then Jim grew desperate—or so it seemed to us who were watching him—and hunched his shoulder into Buzzy's wing much as a person

nudges another with his elbow. The hawk took no notice, and Jim nudged him again. Then Buzzy slowly began to elongate himself and to tilt his head disdainfully to see what had dared to touch him. Seeing only the insignificant atom of a crow, he slumped disgustedly into his feathers once more and resumed his gaze at the Rockies.

Another nudge followed; whereupon the hawk proudly raised himself to his full height and quietly lifted his near leg just as Jim sidled up a little snigger. Then like a flash the hawk seized him behind the wings and, holding him out in front, settled himself down on the other leg and fixed his gaze once more on the mountains. All the while Jim was kicking and struggling and emitting bloodcurdling squawks and shrieks.

By means of sticks we finally made Buzzy relinquish poor, adoring Jim. But the incident was no lesson to the crow. The performance was repeated five or six times before I went home.

WHILE IT WAS YET DARK

By Jeannie Pendleton Hall



*The opening leaves that Easter morn
In Joseph's garden place
Shook in a wind that smelled of spring
And cooled the Master's face.
Still rapt with Death, still bright with
Heaven,
His kind eyes looked to see
The women with their spices come
For loving ministry.*

*Now the burst seal, the angel voice,
The Magdalen had spread
Among His friends, but wandered back
Only half comforted.
When, standing mid her scattered spice,
She looked, and One stood near,
And richer than Heaven's chorals tell
His "Mary!" on her ear.*

*"Rabboni! It is Thou?" ("Oh, worth
Well-nigh a Calvary
And such another night of tears,
This moment!" thinketh she.)
Master, I told, but few believed!
Why troublest Thou with them?
That timorous Simon is unfit
To touch Thy garment's hem!"*

*He smiled; He blessed her faithful heart,
Yet smiled—how could she know
Those rough brown men, those well-
worn paths
Beckoned the God-Man so?
From the rich incense of the spice
He turned Him to the hills
And fresh wind of an earthly spring
That smelled of daffodils.*

"STAY WITH 'IM, COWBOY!"

"STEER bulldogging" is what cowboys call wrestling with a steer barehanded. In the great annual round-up at Pendleton, Oregon, which Mr. Charles Wellington Furlong vividly describes in his book, Let 'er Buck, a corporal of infantry took part in one of the greatest struggles between man and beast ever seen in that part of the country.

He disdained, says Mr. Furlong, to chase his animal and tire it; he ran it down in a scant hundred yards. Approaching the grand stand at a furious pace, he reached forward, plunged from his running horse, seized the big horns in a powerful grip and, swinging off, was dragged another hundred yards before he checked the impetus of the steer.

Having brought the beast twice to a standstill, the corporal then worked more to the front of it and began the second part of the game—twisting the brute's head for a fall. Using the horns as levers, he slowly twisted the heavy neck, and the nose gradually came up. Feeling that he could hold his advantage by the weight of his body on the lower horn, he reached over the strong neck and grasped the upturned muzzle. Both hands slid under and tightened on it. With a mighty effort he tried to throw the steer, but missed. Twice more he tried it, but at last was forced to wrap his body round the brute's head. The fighting animal at once dashed at the fence.

Whack! Crack! Splinter!

But the soldier hung on. In a supreme effort he half rose and tried to throw the steer again, but he slipped under the onrush of the mad brute. With strength failing fast he made a futile effort to regain his feet. Hanging by the horns, he was dragged a full quarter of the way round the track. Again and again the heavy brute gouged and bruised him with its sharp hoofs. Still the soldier refused to release his hold.

At last as he hung weakly to a single horn the steer flung him off. To save himself from being goaded he lay motionless face downward in the dirt.

Whish! His helper's rope swung through the air just in time. Herders quickly lifted him to his feet, and a wave of his hand assured the spectators that at least from his point of view he was all right. A mighty cheer rose in recognition of the gamest fight in that contest ever seen at the

SOME REMARKABLE OLD PEOPLE

IN a recent issue of The Companion we said something about the increasing number of centenarians. A correspondent who was interested in the article writes to say that a few years ago he was acquainted with four old families living on farms within perhaps a mile of one another. In one house the husband lived to be ninety-four years old, and his wife lived to be ninety-three. At the adjoining place, he says, I visited an old lady on the day she was ninety-four and found her sewing with needle and thread—without glasses. In the next place lived an old lady of ninety-two, blind of one eye, but a great Bible reader. And on the next farm but one lived an old man who died at the age of ninety-seven. A brief period separated the deaths of all; all were more than ninety before any of them died.

In the year 1859 when I was a boy I lived on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Whetzel County, Virginia—which soon afterwards was made West Virginia. Near the station of Burton lived Henry and Hannah Church. He was a Hessian and had come to this country at the time of the Revolution; he remained and settled on land through which in later years the Baltimore & Ohio passed. About the year 1858 the railway company furnished traveling facilities to a party for the purpose of writing up and illustrating attractive things along the line. The writer was the then well-known author Nathaniel P. Willis, better known as N. P. Willis, whose father, Deacon Willis, founded The Companion; the artist bore the pseudonym "Porte Crayon."

They stopped at the home of Henry Church, and N. P. Willis wrote an interesting account of him and his wife, which was published in Harper's Monthly Magazine, accompanied by excellent portraits of the old couple, drawn by Porte Crayon.

There is now a station near Burton named Hundred in honor of the remarkable old couple. On a little knoll near by are two graves marked with small headstones. From them a few years ago I copied the following inscriptions: "Henry Church died September 14, 1860, aged 109." "Hannah Church, wife of Henry Church, died July 27, 1860, aged 106."

The known facts of their history verify the statement of their ages.

Two months after the death of the wife the body of the husband was laid beside her on the little knoll. The Baltimore & Ohio perpetuates their memory each time the conductor cries out, "Hundred."

CALEB'S WAY OF FIGURING—AND HIS WIFE'S

WITH a puzzled smile Caleb Peaslee joined Deacon Hyne in the pleasant shade of the dooryard maple. He had nothing to say at first, but two or three times he shook his head doubtfully.

"What you got on your mind, Kellup?" the deacon asked. "You seem to be figgerin' on somethin' that don't add up right some way."

Mr. Peaslee smote his knee a resounding slap. "You spoke jest the right word then, Hyne!" he asserted heartily. "It don't add up right; or, rather, it don't add up to my way of figgerin' same's it does by my wife's. I'm goin' to leave it out to you and see what answer you get to it."

The deacon became weightily judicial. Caleb began abruptly: "You heard what my wife and Mis' Hyne was talkin' over together when you came out here and left 'em, didn't you?"

The deacon shook his head doubtfully. "Not to give you the sense of it, I didn't," he replied. "They was talkin' somethin' 'bout clothes; and that's a subject I let my wife handle as she sees fit." "I don't even listen if I can help myself to get away."

"I don't commonly listen myself," admitted Caleb, "only this time I was sort of force-put to listen, as you might say. A spell back my wife got a sheer into her mind that she'd got to have some kind of a dress made, and nothin' would do but I'd got to hunt round and find her some stuff in the stores in Bangor, she havin' a quinsy and not gettin' over it good. I figgered if I got it right off, it might help her forrard 'bout gettin' well, more'n it would if she worried for the want of it."

"Bein' what you might call the time 'twixt hay and grass, I didn't have a namable errand, outside of gettin' the dress stuff for her, to call me to Bangor; and there was twenty jobs cryin' to be done here on the place. But I didn't let that swing me a particle; I found out as near as a man critter can what color and kind of stuff she wanted, and then I made a special trip to the city for it. My bees had to be weeded out that day, so I got Nate Budsnap to do it and paid him a dollar and seventy-five cents. He done most fifty cents' wuth of work, so I wa'n't out much over a dollar on his 'count and mebbe two dollars on my own costs. Call it three dollars, the both of us."

"Well, when I got the stuff home it was evenin', and the color didn't show up by lamplight, but my mind misgave me that it wa'n't goin' to show any better by daylight. And sure 'nough, when she come to look at it in the mornin', it was either too brown or not brown enough—I got so mixed up 'fore the thing was ended that I ain't overly sure about it except that it was wrong. "The next day it rained, so I couldn't go again,

but the following day it skied up blue; so I hired a man to work in the beet, —Jote Palmer this time,—and he weeded a lot of 'em, but he tromped down and scuffed out of the ground about as many as he saved, so I figger what I paid him was worse than wasted. I should say I was out five dollars that day; and with the other day that makes eight.

"That evening when she come to look at the stuff she had to admit I'd got the color right, but the stuff itself wouldn't do at all; it was too thin and sleazy to pay for puttin' shears to, so she said. I held my peace, but I was beginnin' to jealousy that it was goin' to cost me something 'fore that dress got made up; already it was inchin' up towards ten dollars, and I hadn't even got the goods bought yet, to say nothin' of the other fixin's and Ursula Baynes's bill for makin' it!

"I'd got my mind drilled and composed for another trip, when all at once she quit talkin' about it, and I knew 'nough to keep a shut mouth till I found out what new streak had developed. She'd begun to rummage round up in the shed chamber, and one day I come in at dinner time and found a cold bite on the table and a kittleful of some smelly stuff brewin' on the stove. She didn't tell me what 'twas, and I didn't ask her. And jest now I've found out what she was doin', and how her figgers and mine don't agree. She'd got out some white woolen goods up in the shed chamber and dyed it with somethin', —butternut hulls or logwood chips or somethin' else; I dunno what,— and it's jest the color and jest the weave she wanted. I heard her tellin' your wife about it, and she was layin' great stress on the fact that her dress wa'n't goin' to cost a red cent! She'd found the goods in the attic, and she'd done the work herself!

"And, she was saying to your wife, 'seein' Kellup ain't out one penny on 'count of the dress, I'm goin' to let him buy me a hat to go with it; I think it's no more'n right!'

"There you have it, Hyne; you've got her figgers, and you've got mine. Now what would you do and say to her if you was me?"

"I'd buy the hat," the deacon replied judicially, "and I'd say nothin' about it one way or the other."

"You and me agree fine," said Mr. Peaslee. "That's jest what I was callin' to do!"

TWO MYSTERIES OF THE SEA

"MYSTERY ships" have sailed the seas for centuries. Now the hulk of a vessel lost years before appears in some strange out-of-the-way place; now a familiar piece of deck work washes ashore in the night to tell of disaster and of lost hopes. All are tragedies, like these two cases that Chambers's Journal describes—mysteries that probably never will be fully explained.

In 1911-12 the captain of the French bark Emilie Galline, homing from New Caledonia, reported on reaching Bordeaux that when rounding the Horn the ship had run into a vast field of great icebergs, and that while groping her way into the open she had passed a gigantic berg that to the amazement of all hands was carrying in a cleft on its crest a large three-masted schooner, partly dismantled but otherwise apparently intact with her boats still on the booms. The captain had made every effort to find the survivors, but there were no signs of human beings on the iceberg. How came the vessel there?

A Greenland whaler out of Peterhead came upon the second mystery. In the Barents Sea she sighted a strange-looking derelict; the running gear and standing rigging were broken and flying loose; the canvas was in tatters, and the hull was terribly battered and weatherworn. The boats were gone. When men from the whaler boarded her they saw that she had been built early in the last century and had been icebound for many years. In the main cabin on the floor was the body of a young woman, perfectly preserved by the Arctic frosts. Sitting near her and not far from the long-dead fire was the corpse of a young man, still holding in his hands a flint and steel, which he appeared to be striking. In one of the cabins off the cuddy was the body of another man; he was sitting in a chair, leaning back in a most natural position and had all the freshness of life in his attitude and expression. The sailors could find no clues whatsoever to the identity of the three.

"JACK ON HORSEBACK"

WAR brings military observers from all over the world. In our own Civil War the armies were constantly amused by inquisitive foreigners—the most diverting of whom perhaps was a party of twenty-four Russian naval officers who visited General Meade's headquarters. On hearing of the expected arrival of the gentlemen —so we learn from Col. Theodore Lyman's letters to his wife—General Meade ordered the Sixth Corps to parade and then got hold of all his available ambulances, which soon returned from the depot with flat Russian caps showing from all the openings.

Then, writes Colonel Lyman, the thing was to put the visitors on horseback as soon as possible, for it was already late in the day. It was a most striking instance of "Jack on horseback." Each man sat on his McClellan saddle as if he were double-reefing a topsail in a gale of wind. Their pantaloons got up, and their flat caps shook over their ears; and they kept nearly tumbling off on one side and hoisting themselves up again by

means of the pommel. Meanwhile they were very merry and kept up a running fire of remarks in French, English and Russian. When the extraordinary cavalcade reached a hill near the ground they found an ambulance that had brought those who did not wish to ride, including the captain. He was persuaded to mount my mare while I remained in the carriage. Thereupon the other carriage company were fired with a desire also to mount. So a proper number of troopers were ordered to get down, and the Russians were boosted into their saddles, and the procession moved off; but suddenly —

A horseman darted from the crowd
Like lightning from a summer cloud.

It was a Muscovite who had discovered that the pommel was a great thing to hold on to and who had grasped it to the neglect of the rein, whereupon the steed, missing his usual dragon, had started at a wild gallop! Off flew the flat cap, and away went the horse and rider with a staff officer in full chase!

Example is contagious, and in two minutes the country was dotted with Russians on the wings of the wind and vainly pursuing officers and orderlies. Some tumbled off; some were caught and brought back; and one chief engineer was discovered after dark in the woods and in the unpleasant vicinity of the enemy's picket line. However, the most of them at last got back and viewed the troops from their uncertain positions. After which they were filled with large quantities of meat and drink and so sent in a happy frame of mind to Washington.

A TAP OF THE TIGER'S PAW

MANUSCRIPTS of the great, rejected before their days of greatness by obtuse or heartless editors, are the theme of many anecdotes, entertaining to the general public and perennially encouraging to young aspirants for fame. Now another is added to the list.

When our recent famous visitor from France, M. Georges Clemenceau, arrived in New York it was, as everyone knows, not his first visit. More than half a century ago as a young man "fresh from the imperial jails of Napoleon III" he landed at The Battery and a little later was practicing medicine, teaching, contributing to several newspapers in France and trying to contribute to others in America. The aged "Tiger" had not forgotten those days; and it was with a tap of the paw, playful but disconcerting, that he recalled them to a reporter from Le Courier des Etats Unis.

The French reporter had been sent to welcome Clemenceau in behalf of his paper,—the oldest French paper in New York and one of the oldest in any language,—to ask him for a message to the French people in America.

"A message, hein?" said Clemenceau, reflectively tugging at his snow-white flowing moustache. "Why, my friend, I sent your paper a message about—let me see—say fifty-seven years ago. It was a good article. Why did you not print it?"

Safe to say, Le Courier des Etats Unis, from the editor in chief down to the assistant office boy, would be delighted if they could dig up that article by Clemenceau from some forgotten wastebasket!

FOOLING THE BUGS

A MOTORIST in the South once stopped for water at a dilapidated house where a bare-footed man, leaning against a rickety fence, was gazing meditatively across a field that had grown up to weeds. "How is your cotton this year?" the motorist asked.

"Well, sir," replied the man, "I ain't got no cotton. I didn't plant none cause I was afraid the boll weevil might be bad."

"How is your corn?"

"Well," came the reply, "I didn't plant no corn neither, for I didn't know if we'd git rain."

The motorist hesitated. "How are your sweet potatoes?" he asked at last.

"Well, now, stranger," the man replied, "you see, it's just this way: I didn't plant no sweet potatoes cause I was afraid the bugs might take them. No, sir, I didn't plant nothin'. I just played safe."

AN OFF DAY

"MOTHER," said little Bobby, "what does father go downtown for every day?"

"Why, he goes downtown to work and get money so that Bobby can have a good dinner every day," his mother replied.

A few days later, says Harper's Magazine, when Bobby sat down to dinner he viewed the table with a critical eye. Seeing none of his favorite dishes, he disdainfully shrugged his small shoulders and grunted:

"Huh! Father didn't do much today, did he?"

HE HADN'T EARNED THE RIGHT

THE friend of a certain captain of industry once applied to the great man for a job for his son, just out of college.

"He's a bright, honest, modest young man," said the proud father, "if I do say so myself."

"Modest?" snorted the industrial captain. "What has he ever done to be modest about?"

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VARIETY IN SERVING BEEF

ALTHOUGH not many persons suspect it, there are a great many delicious ways in which to serve the winter supply of beef. Following are a few that have been found particularly good:

MEAT ROAST

a roasting or boiling piece of beef cut cross-wise, and two or three inches thick
flour
salt
pepper
hot fat
12 or more small peeled onions
1 pint of seasoned, canned tomatoes
sweet or white peeled potatoes cut in halves

Rub and pound into the beef some salt and pepper, and as much flour as it will take. Then sear the meat on both sides in hot fat, place it in a double roaster, add the tomatoes and cook the whole on top of the stove for one hour. Heap the onions and the potatoes—the latter half-boiled—round the roast and on top of it, place the whole in the oven and bake it until the vegetables are done. Serve the dish with gravy from the roasting.

CHOPPED BEEF WITH TOMATOES

chopped steak
pepper
salt
butter
canned tomatoes
bread crumbs
1 cupful of beef stock

Place a thick layer of the chopped steak in a buttered baking pan, season it with salt and pepper and dot small pieces of butter on it. Over that place a seasoned layer of the solid pieces of canned tomatoes, then add alternate layers of chopped meat and tomatoes, and cover the top with bread crumbs. Pour the beef stock over the whole, cover the dish and bake it for three quarters of an hour. Then uncover it to let it brown. Serve it hot.

BEEF MINCE

equal parts of cold cooked beef and cold cooked potatoes, chopped fine
1 tablespoonful of butter
1 tablespoonful of flour
½ pint of gravy or of stock
1 minced onion or a small quantity of stewed tomatoes

Place the butter in a frying pan, add the flour, and when that is turning yellow add the stock or the gravy. Then add the meat-and-potato mixture. Stir the whole until it is smoking hot and add the minced onion or the stewed tomatoes. If you prefer, add more gravy to the mince and serve it on squares of toast. If you use corned beef, it will require double the quantity of potatoes.

CREAM PUFFS

1 cupful of hot water
flour
1 cupful of milk
½ cupful of butter
4 eggs
½ cupful of sugar
½ teaspoonful of vanilla

Boil the butter with the hot water, and while that is boiling stir in one cupful of dry sifted flour. Take the whole from the stove, stir it to a smooth paste and as soon as it cools stir in three of the eggs, unbeaten. Stir the mixture for five minutes, then drop it in tablespoonfuls on a buttered tin. Do not let the spoonfuls of batter touch each other. Bake the puffs for twenty-five minutes in a quick oven, and meantime be careful about opening the oven door. For the filling mix the milk, the sugar, the remaining egg and three tablespoonfuls of flour, flavor the whole with the vanilla, and cook it in a double boiler until it is quite thick.

WALNUT LOAF

½ pound of shelled walnut meats
2 cupfuls of bread crumbs
3 tablespoonfuls of butter
2 teaspoonfuls of salt
½ teaspoonful of pepper
1 large onion, grated
½ cupful of fine-chopped celery
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
2 or 3 eggs
4 large potatoes
hot water

Chop the nut meats fine in the meat chopper and add the bread crumbs squeezed out of hot water. Then add the butter, the salt, the pepper, the onion, the celery and the lemon juice. Beat the eggs well, bind the whole with the beaten egg, and turn the mixture into a large baking dish. Then pare the potatoes, slice them very thin and heap them on top of the loaf. Cover the whole and bake it for two hours. To brown the potatoes, remove the cover during the last half hour. Baked beans or any kind of nut meats can be used in place of walnut meats.

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ATHLETIC ACCIDENTS

MOST of the injuries that occur to athletes or to those who are too strenuous in their sports, golf, tennis, football, driving, fishing, horseback riding, or what not, are sprains of the special muscles most used, though occasionally there are fractures, joint injuries and more serious accidents. It will suffice to enumerate the more common injuries and then to speak briefly of the treatment.

Golfer's back is a sprain of the broad muscle of the back and also of a deep-seated muscle running up on either side of the spinal column. Bowler's side is a sprain of one of the anterior serrate muscles, which run from the ribs to the shoulder blades, and of one of the lateral abdominal muscles. In driver's elbow it is not the joint that is affected, but the muscles that straighten the arm and turn the hand palm upward. Rider's leg is somewhat more serious, for it is usually a rupture of some of the fibres that attach the ligaments to the adductor muscles of the thigh, with which the rider presses his legs against the animal's sides and so gets his grip; sometimes, however, it is a simple sprain of one of the muscles, analogous to the bowler's side and the golfer's back. Jumper's sprain is a sprain of one of the calf muscles and of the hamstring muscles, which pass as two cords on either side behind the knee from the thigh to the leg. Angler's or fisherman's elbow is virtually the same as driver's elbow; the injury occurs when the fisherman is casting a fly or throwing out the hook when fishing with bait.

Two other common sprains are tennis leg and tennis arm. The first is a spasm of the calf muscles, which throws down the front of the foot and raises the heel so that walking is impossible; the contraction is often so powerful as to tear some of the muscle fibres and cause an effusion of blood, which shows later as a black-and-blue swelling on the back of the leg and the ankle. Tennis arm is seldom cramplike, but is marked by an obstinate soreness and stiffness of the arm from strain of the muscles that make the throw-back movements.

Treatment of the several varieties of sprain is simple. Temporary rest with hot applications and not too powerful rubbing or, better yet, professional massage will usually effect a cure in a few days. Rest should not be prolonged, for a sprained muscle as well as a sprained joint will become stiff if kept inactive long.

JACQUELINE MAKES A GIFT

COUSIN JANICE, standing by the table where her birthday gifts were displayed, looked after Alicia's vanishing figure. The Macdonalds were a loyal clan; no one ever forgot Cousin Janice's birthday. The table was covered with gifts—handkerchiefs, gloves, stationery, photographs, a book or two and a basket of sweet peas in delicate shades of lavender.

Looking at them, Cousin Janice spoke aloud: "I think I must be the wickedest person in town. All these lovely things for a woman of sixty-five! I'd like to send every one of them to Africa! They make me feel so old! Those lavender sweet peas—oh, I'm ashamed of myself. I know I'm too old for rosebuds, but it hurts to be told so."

A flash of color at the gate attracted her attention. It came from an orange sweater, brilliant enough to distract anyone's attention. An orange affair, half hat, half cap, pulled down over a pair of dancing brown eyes, exactly matched it; the sport skirt below the sweater was a rich blue, and from one brown hand dangled a basket decorated with flowers of all colors. The small person who, apparently with the utmost nonchalance, was carrying so much color ran up the path, whistling. At the foot of the stairs she called: "Bury your secrets, Cousin Jan; I'm coming."

It was not Cousin Janice's fault that she did not get her secret buried. There was not time to hide it from eyes so keen as Jacqueline's.

"Hello, Cousin Janice!" the girl exclaimed impulsively. "Like my sweater? I wanted to put a touch of brightness into the world. My word, look at the—morgue!"

"Child!" Cousin Janice protested. "Black, white, lavender, white, white, black

and a touch of decorous silver—I could name them all with my eyes shut. Watch me throw a bomb!" With careless accuracy she shot the varicolored basket into the midst of the collection. "Isn't it barbaric?" she chuckled. "I got it because it was the most striking thing I could find. Look at those poor shocked lavender!"

"Jacqueline!" Cousin Janice cried helplessly. Jacqueline nodded with satisfaction. "You don't have to say it's pretty; it isn't—it's hideous. I got it only as an antidote; it's so gorgeously young. I got it because it makes me rage to have people heap years upon you when you're no older than any of us, that's why!"

Going out, Jacqueline met Amy coming in. Amy was coolly graceful, and Jacqueline was wickedly mannerless.

Amy, who was bringing Cousin Janice a set of lavender sachets, gazed with horror at the basket in the middle of the table. "Jacqueline of course," she said to Cousin Janice. "Nobody but her would have chosen it. What is the new generation coming to!"

"Splendid womanhood," Cousin Janice declared. "Splendid womanhood, Amy Macdonald."

HARD-TACK AND HISTORY

JULY, 1863, was humid and hot in and round Washington, District of Columbia. On the hottest Sunday morning in the month, writes Mr. C. P. Smith in the Stepladder, a boy of thirteen years was lying on his elbow halfway down the slope of red earth that marked the outer defenses hastily thrown up to protect the capital from invasion. A tousled thatch of yellow hair stuck through the holes in his chip straw hat. Two not overclean legs protruded from a pair of cast-off soldier trousers, shortened to fit the present owner. In one hand the boy clasped a murderous-looking dirk knife with which he was trying to split a piece of hard-tack so as to make a soldier sandwich for his belated breakfast. On the parapet above an occasional sentry would kick a clod of earth down the embankment in friendly greeting.

Finally a gaunt, tall man with shoulders slightly bent, dressed in a long-tailed frock coat, appeared, gazing out over the slashing of the timber that had been felled to retard the enemy's approach. Behind the man a few paces distant was a group of officers. When the figure below caught his attention he asked: "Having a good breakfast, bub?"

The lad, thinking him the chaplain who had come out to preach to the soldiers, showed his pertness by saying: "Yes. Want a bite?"

To his astonishment the tall man stooped down, took a bite from the proffered hard-tack, made an awkward salute and passed on.

To the young lieutenant who followed with the escort squad, the boy shouted: "Who was that old feller?"

"Abraham Lincoln," was the reply. "I was that little boy, and it was the first, last and only time I have ever dined with a President of the United States!"

TIPS ON TAPIOCA

WHAT do you know about tapioca? Well, it is round; it is made of—Let Mr. Charles W. Mead help us out; in Natural History he describes how the Indians of Brazil manufacture the starchy, jellylike globules.

The Indian woman, he says, takes a large piece of bitter cassava root in both hands and rubs it back and forth on a board studded with hundreds of sharp pebbles until the root is reduced to pulp. When she has grated a sufficient quantity she presses as much water out of it as possible. For that purpose she uses as a press a long, narrow tube of basketwork called a tipiti, with a loop at either end. She forces the pulp into the press, which she then hangs up by one of the loops. Through the lower loop she inserts a long, stout pole, which she runs under some convenient object, which serves as a fulcrum. Then she sits on the free end of the pole, and her weight stretches the press and forces the liquid through the interstices of the basketwork. The liquid is caught in a pottery vessel and is made into cassareep, the favorite condiment of the South American Indian.

The wet mass is taken from the press and spread on a large flat dish of pottery with a raised rim; under the dish a fire is built. If stirred rapidly, the preparation will not cake into large masses but will quickly agglomerate into small, irregular pellets, which are the tapioca of commerce.

AN EFFICIENT LIBRARIAN

ASCHOOL-TEACHER in a Western town, wishing to learn more about the stories of Edgar Allan Poe, inquired at the delivery desk of the rural library for the Gold Bug and added: "I can't seem to find it in the catalogue, but I am sure you have it. A friend of mine had it out last week."

The librarian, who was new and very young, glanced at the drawer of the card catalogue over which the teacher had been poring and then smiled.

"No wonder, Miss Smith," she explained with patient gentleness. "You were looking under 'fiction.' I think that if you will turn to 'entomology' you won't have any trouble."

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NO SOUP OR PIE, THANK YOU

LIFE in the Russian armies today seems almost to be safer on the firing line than behind it. That at any rate is the impression you get from reading Mr. Ferdinand Ossendowski's account, printed in Asia, of the activities of the anti-Bolshevist general Baron Ungern, the "bloody baron."

I was at Urga, says Mr. Ossendowski, when one evening I was invited to the quarters of the chief of staff of the Russian military of the region. There I met many intelligent officers, and we were chatting animatedly when suddenly Sepailov, one of Baron Ungern's colonels, entered, singing to himself. The fellow was said to be mad, and dark, terrifying tales were current about him. The other guests at once became silent and under various pretexts slipped out one by one. Sepailov handed the chief of staff some papers and then said to us, "I shall send you for supper a splendid fish pie and some hot tomato soup."

As he went out the chief of staff clasped his head in desperation. "With such scum of the earth we are now forced to work after this revolution!"

A few minutes later a soldier from Sepailov brought us the fish pie and a tureen full of soup. When the man had gone the chief of staff sat listening until the sound of steps had ceased. Then, "He is Sepailov's executioner," he whispered and to my amazement began to pour the soup on the ground beside the brazier. A few moments later, going out of the *yurta*, he threw the pie over the fence. "It is Sepailov's feast, and, though it may be tasty, it may also be poisoned," he explained.

Distinctly depressed, I returned to my house. My host, who was not yet asleep, met me with a frightened look. My friends were also there. "God be thanked!" they all exclaimed.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"After your departure," explained my host, "a soldier came from Sepailov and took your luggage; he said that you had sent for it."

I at once understood the danger. Sepailov could place anything that he wanted to in my luggage and afterwards could accuse me. I started at once for Sepailov's, where the same soldier who had brought the supper to us met me. Sepailov received me immediately. In answer to my protest he said that taking my luggage was a mistake and, asking me to wait for a moment, went out.

I waited five, ten, fifteen minutes, but no one came. I knocked on the door, but no one answered me. Then I decided to go to Baron Ungern; but the door was locked. I tried the other door and found that that also was locked. I had been trapped! I was just going to whistle, when I noticed a telephone on the wall and called up Baron Ungern.

In a few minutes he appeared; Sepailov was with him. "What does this mean?" the baron asked Sepailov in a severe, threatening voice and, without waiting for an answer, struck him a blow with his *tashur* that sent him to the floor.

We went out, and the general ordered my luggage. Then he took me to his own *yurta*. "Live here now," he said.

❖ ❖

THE LUCK OF MRS. DUCK

IN the big barn there were two nice-looking little dog houses, one for each puppy. They were excellent quarters during the winter, but as spring came the puppies wandered outside with the other dogs during the day and returned home only at night.

One day a Mrs. Muscovy Duck, who was looking for an "apartment," came upon one of the little dog houses. "Just what I want!" she exclaimed. "A whole house, and it even has a screen in the upstairs window!"

Well, some folk do have luck! Mrs. Duck walked right inside and took possession, though she had to squeeze pretty hard to get through the door. Perhaps the landlord would fix that for her afterwards, though. She found some nice loose straw on the floor and, sitting on it, began to pull down from her breast. Soon she had her house in good housekeeping order; then she laid nineteen eggs—one at a time of course.

Day after day she sat on her nest, and at night the landlord puppy that all unwittingly had let the house—or at least part of it—proved to be a good landlord indeed and helped her to keep the eggs warm.

So far as we know, the eggs have not yet hatched, but when they do it is a fair question, Which will own the ducklings, Mrs. Duck or her landlord?

❖ ❖

HOPELESS STRUGGLE WITH AN IRREGULAR PLURAL

A YOUNG woman who lives in Washington, says the Argonaut, recently returned from abroad. She was describing her experiences in mountain climbing to a friend who is in the diplomatic service.

"Ah, mees," said the foreign diplomat, "so you climb zat mountain? Zat was a foot to be proud of!"

"Pardon me, count," said the American girl. "I think you mean 'feat.'"

"O-oh!" exclaimed the count with fresh admiration. "So you climb him more than once?"



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